ICD

DECEMBER 25¢

SICK

Printed on Paper

THE GAL WHO WAS
MARRIED TO THE GREAT CUBAN LEADER
The Lucille Ball Story

PROFILE
THE MAFIA
America's first line of defense

Turn to back cover for exciting climax

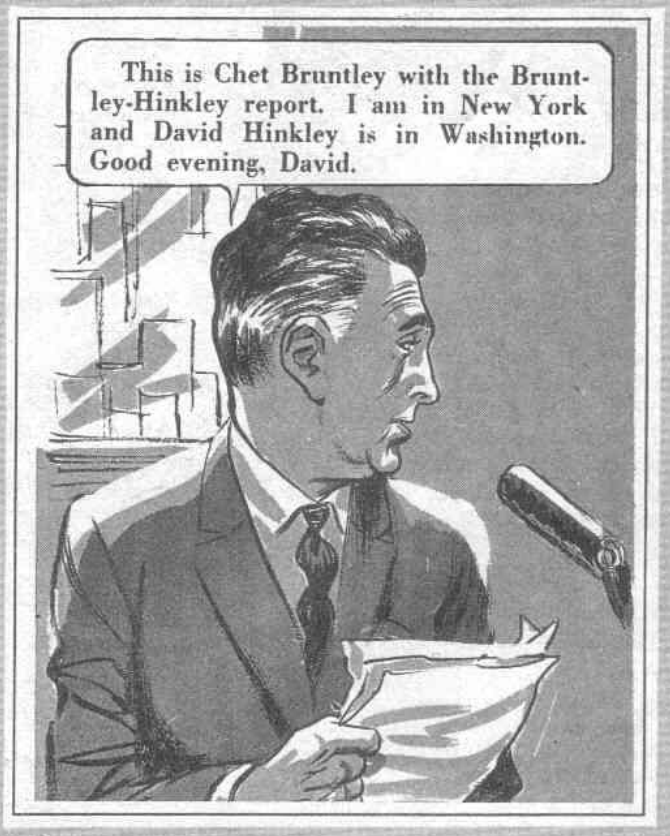
This magazine was selected for reading by our enemies overseas.

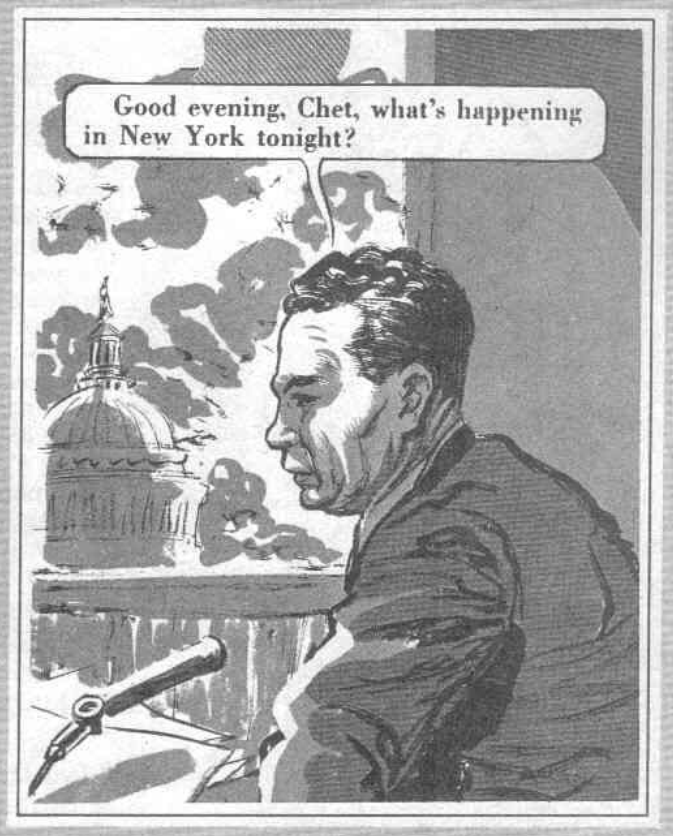
Mussolini always poses this way!

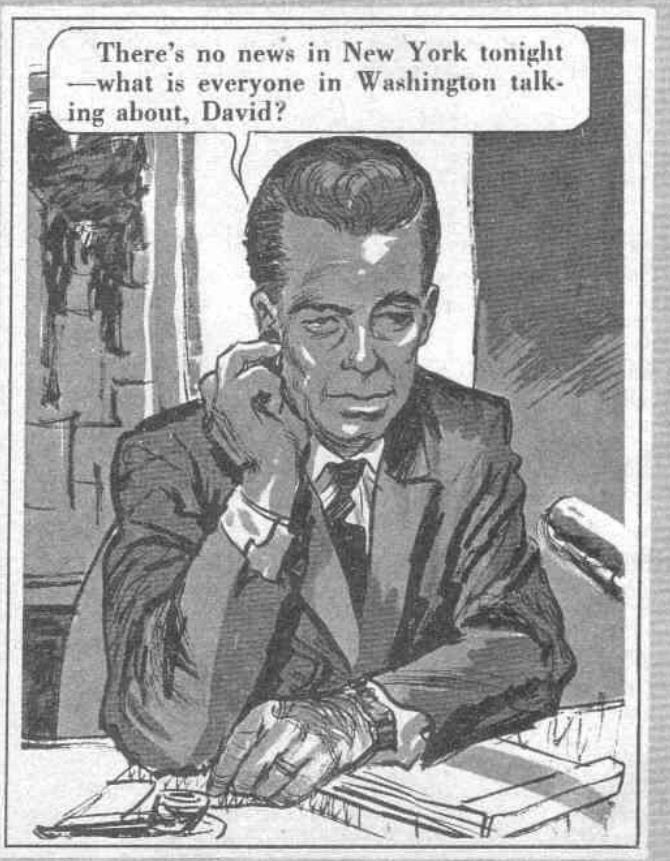
TV's most famous comedy team is Chet Bruntley and David Hinkley who bring their fresh and topical act to the nation every evening. Bruntley-Hinkley are seen by millions as they exchange their concise and accurate news reports in New York City and the Nation's Capitol. SICK now presents—

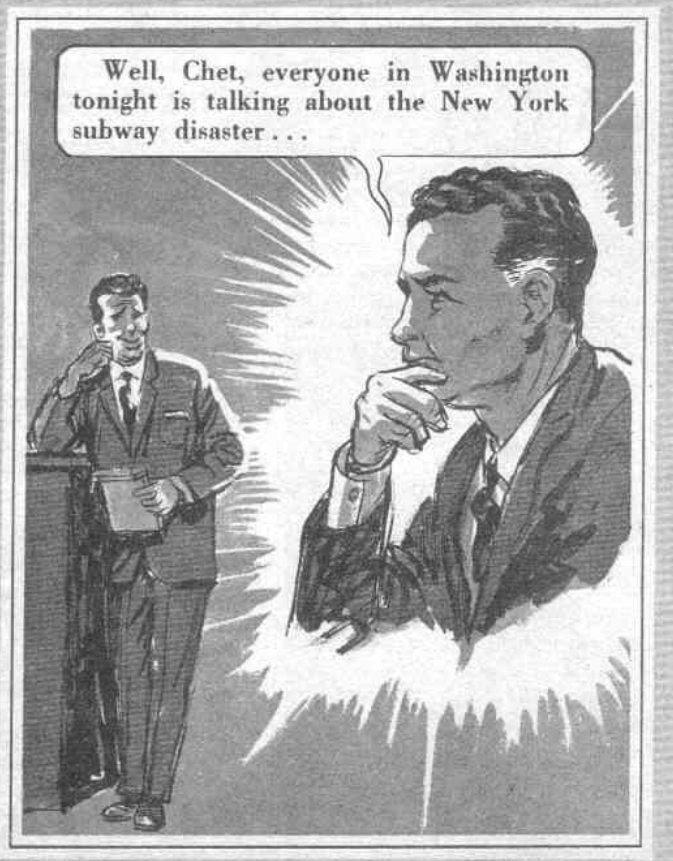
The Bruntley Hinkley Report

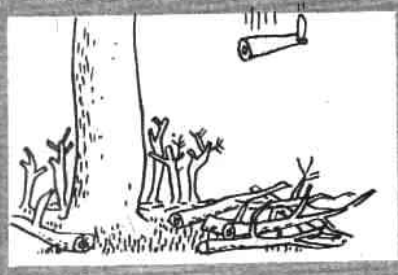
Art By Joe Simon


This is Chet Bruntley with the Bruntley-Hinkley report. I am in New York and David Hinkley is in Washington. Good evening, David.









BAYON — The Argentine artist who did the illustrations for "IF SICK Ran The Jack Paar Show," "Sick, Sick World" and "Von Kroogle's Call to Ike" can't speak a word of English. It is quite remarkable that he did the lettering for our SICK Greeting Cards. Bayon accomplishes this amazing feat by lettering in front of a mirror.

VOL. 1—NO. 3

DECEMBER, 1960

JOE SIMON
Editor
DEE CARUSO
and
BILL LEVINE
Feature Editors and writers

JOE GENALO
Production
STEVE MILLER
Associate Editor
PAUL LAMONT
Ideas
ANGELO TORRES
Art
DR. WIPPLEPOOP
Psycho Editor

Citation

SICK magazine proudly announces that it has been awarded first prize for excellence in lin°type, composition, and topo-ography bestowed annually for the best ETUNDL STRUDLGHE by the *National Journalism Founddation, Inc.*, for excellence in typesettin % **and layout** annul-ly . . . Start over. It is with special **prixtmthat'nt flssst froouusbieem SICK magazine proudlllly $ # for typography and excellkce.**

ARTICLES . . .

Sick Conversations . . .
SICK *presents a series of imaginary conversations which will have you talking to yourself* 33

"Get Sick" Cards
. 18

If Sick Did The Jack Paar Show . . .
We'd let Hugh Downs do more . . . vacationing . . . And never let Charlie Weaver sober up 15

How A Teen-Age Idol Is Made . . .
(or) *"What did Jerry E. Lewis do that was so wrong?"* SICK *traces the rise to fame of a singing idol* 39

THE TEN PERCENTERS . . .
SICK *studies the flesh-peddlers in an expose that will get under your skin* 23

DEPARTMENTS . . .

Politics . . .
PRESIDENTIAL POLL . . . SICK *readers want Frank Sinatra for President and Sammy Davis, Jr. on the ticket to carry the Northern vote* 42

TV . . .
DIVORCE, OF COURSE . . . SICK *tells what happens once the honeymoon is over* 11

Movies . . .
"ELMER GANTRY" . . . *The movie about a preacher who didn't practice what he preached—he didn't need any practice* 29

Early, Early Show . . .
CAPTURED GERMAN NEWSREELS . . . *Learn what the word "Nazi" really means and how to make your own Swastika* 8

MONologue . . .
POETRY TO JAZZ . . . (or) *"I can't drink espresso coffee—it keeps me awake in Italian movies"* 21

SICK is published bi-monthly by HEADLINE PUBLICATIONS, INC., Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 25c; subscription rate $1.50 for 6 issues. Application to mail at Second-Class postage rate is pending at New York, N. Y., and at Canton, Ohio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all material must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyrighted 1960 by Headline Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyrighted under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

1. Milton Berle
2. Bob Hope
3. Liberace
4. Bing Crosby
5. Marlon Brando
6. Jackie Gleason
7. Ed Sullivan
8. Marilyn Monroe
9. Dave Garroway
10. Richard Boone
11. Conrad Adenauer
12. Ernie Kovacs
13. Harry Truman
14. Dorothy Killgallen
15. Prime Minister McMillan
16. Phil Silvers
17. Arlene Francis
18. General DeGaulle
19. Charley Weaver
20. Richard Nixon
21. Bennet Cerf
22. Ernest Borgnine
23. Frank Sinatra
24. President Eisenhower
25. Steve Allen
26. Nikita Krushchev
27. Katherine Hepburn
28. Arthur Godfrey
29. Jack Paar
30. Danny Kaye
31. Genevieve
32. Elsa Maxwell
33. Paul Newman
34. Elvis Presley
35. Duke of Windsor
36. Duchess of Windsor
37. King Farouk
38. Ben Hecht

contest winner

MANY THOUSANDS of cards and letters have been entered in SICK Contest number one which was to name the caricatures in the first issue. The winner and the runners-up in the contest are as follows:

Winner— Two wrong

ROBERT BARBEN
1725 Randall Avenue
New York 72, New York

Runners-up— Three wrong

DICK COHN
3838 North Penn
Indianapolis 5, Indiana

BERNARD SCHWARTZ
18 Brook Bridge Road
Great Neck, New York

MARTIN SCHULMAN
1299 Grand Concourse
Bronx 52, New York

GLENN GRANT
10 Tapia Drive
San Francisco 27, Calif.

AARON BACAL
8404-23 Avenue
Brooklyn 14, N. Y.

WE WOULD like to thank the many other entries from all over America. We suggest you throw away the pen you used to write the contest answers —it's contaminated. It was very encouraging to hear from all our new SICK friends, we hope you will all get well soon. You have made us your lifelong friends, in sickness and accident, for richer or poorer. Of course, if you're poverty stricken, forget the whole thing.

For the losers, the important thing is that you played the game well... We hope you will try again. We hope to have an entertaining and rewarding contest for you in each issue of SICK.

Letters

DEAR SICK EDITORS:

In the August issue of SICK magazine I noticed a flaw. In the "Monologue for SICK Comics" it said this plane was one of those economy flights. This means there is a leak in the fuel tank and one of the motors is missing. Then, in the following line it said that it was a four-engine plane but only one motor is running as the three are all dummies. This totals five engines. How can a four-engine plane have five engines?

Terry Bond
406 East 13th Street
Stuttgart, Arkansas

EDITOR'S NOTE: **It's easy, Terry. Any four-engine plane that doesn't have five engines, just isn't trying.**

DEAR SICK:

Boy, am I sick from reading SICK.

Lewis Duckworth, Jr.
903 Eddy Street # 5
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **We're not feeling so well ourselves.**

DEAR SICK:

I enjoyed your magazine because it is a step higher than the other attempts at satire I've read. Think your book is intelligent which is welcome relief in humor magazines. Here's hoping you have continued success.

Paul Savitt
48 West 48th Street
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **We'll bet that the other humor mags—LIFE and TIME, will dispute this.**

DEAR SICK:

I gave my copy of SICK to the wife and kids. As you can see by the enclosed snapshot, it really broke them up. Little Melissa thought it was *swell* and it really *fractured* the baby. Send our next issue to the emergency ward, North Shore Hospital, Manhasset, New York.

I think your magazine is funnier than — — —*.

H. S.
Woodbury, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *** Reader's Digest.**

DEAR SICK:

I liked your second issue—I particularly liked the Letters-to-the-Editor column. Who writes it for you?

Don Hughes
231 St Avenue
Woodlawn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **You mean who READS it to us!**

(Continued on page 46)

SICKIATRY

Ike's doctors told him to cut down on his reading—it makes his lips tired.
PAUL, OUR ANALYSIS THUS FAR HAS SHOWN THAT YOU HAVE A GREAT OVERT PHYSICAL ATTRACTION
YOU LACK CONFIDENCE BECAUSE YOU ARE AFRAID WHAT THIS OVER-POWERING ANIMAL MAGNETISM CAN DO
YOU ARE IRRESISTIBLE BUT DISTRUST A STRICTLY PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP AND SO YOU TRY TO DEEMPHASIZE YOUR CHARM

It's a Sick, Sick, Sick, World...

The Lucille Ball Story

The trouble with the Lucille Ball-Dezi Arnaz marriage was that they had to have a third party living with them throughout their married life—his interpreter.

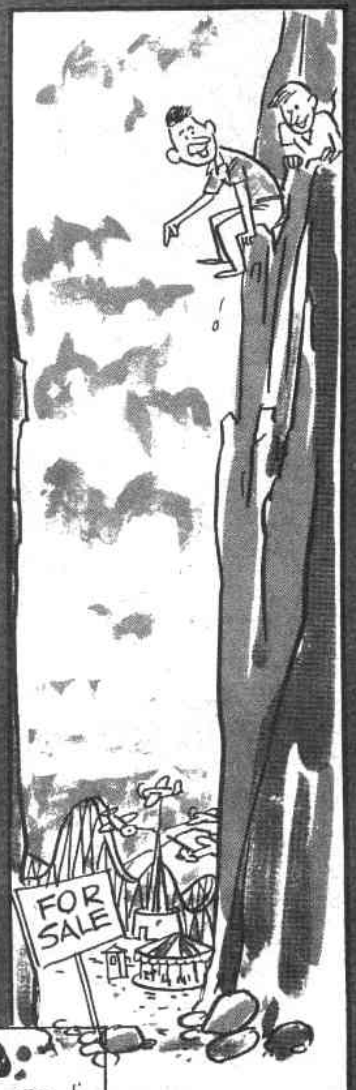
IT'S A WORLD where a tourist goes to a hotel in Miami and asks how much for a room. The night clerk answers: "One dollar."

"One dollar?," the tourist exclaims, "What kind of room can you give me for a dollar?"

"All the rooms are a dollar, the hotel is on fire."

We know a guy who wants to turn the base of the Grand Canyon into an amusement park. He thinks tourists will pay to look up at the Canyon. He claims they will have parking facilities for 400,000 cars, if they're all small cars. Personally, we think he's throwing a lot of money into a hole in the ground.

The Sickest TV remote this year was Walter Cronkite's CBS Report on student riots in Japan. Remember Walter was getting pushed and shoved by demonstrators and finally, before his report ended, he was engulfed by the



rioters. When last seen he was in a snake dance carrying a sign *"Huntley-Brinkley stay home."*

Speaking of TV comedies, Oscar Levant is getting a big play on his new show. Levant's wife is at his side on the show and at times it seems he should have brought his psychiatrist.

VOTE FOR ME
VOTE FOR MY BROTHER
VOTE FOR MY UNCLE
VOTE FOR MY GRANDSON
VOTE FOR MY NEPHEW
VOTE FOR MY HUSBAND
VOTE FOR MY COUSIN
VOTE FOR MY BROTHER IN-LAW

Senator Kennedy shouldn't have much trouble getting elected, his relatives alone can carry Massachusetts . . . if they all vote.

Most important new group in America is the CLAN. The great thing about this group which numbers among its members Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Joey Bishop, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Peter Lawford, is that they really take themselves seriously. The CLAN has been called a miniature United Nations. Next year, depending how the election turns out, they may be given the power to declare war.

Today, everybody and his brother wants to run a country—there's Fidel Castro and his brother . . . John Kennedy and his brother . . . Dick Nixon and his brother.

Will the religious issue hurt Nixon?

They have a book of the month, a record of the month and a painting of the month—now they have a disease of the month. It's offered by a Mid-western hospital. The Disease-of-the-Month-Club idea is spreading like Asiatic flu. The club offers such diseases as: The Black Plague (a disease not offered to the public since the 16th Century). They also list Beri-Beri and Yogi-Beri . . .

The people most effected by the Belgian Congo panic were American news-casters. We watched one go out of his mind last night when he reported: "Trouble is still brewing in the Belgian Congo and Premier Patrice Lumumba has called a special meeting at Ghana to talk to President Joseph Kasavuku of the Abako Party, Foreign Ministers Antoine Gizenga, Rehmy Moamaba and Bomboko Kranza . . .

(Continued on page 47)

Captured Nazi Newsreels

Talkies

The Republicans want to build a dam to stop the water on Nixon's knee

THE CURRENT wave of World War II stories has renewed interest in the Nazi leaders. Much of this interest has been aroused through captured German films which, as the name implies, is film taken from captured Germans. These newsreels show the other side of the war. In Germany they run newsreels of the war backwards so Germany comes out the winner. SICK came into possession of some of this footage, but unfortunately the commentary was in German. We hired a German interpreter who understood the commentary but who, unfortunately, didn't speak a word of English. Here is some of that footage from captured newsreels with English subtitles as far as we can determine. Read the captions carefully for we warn you much of it is very subtitle.

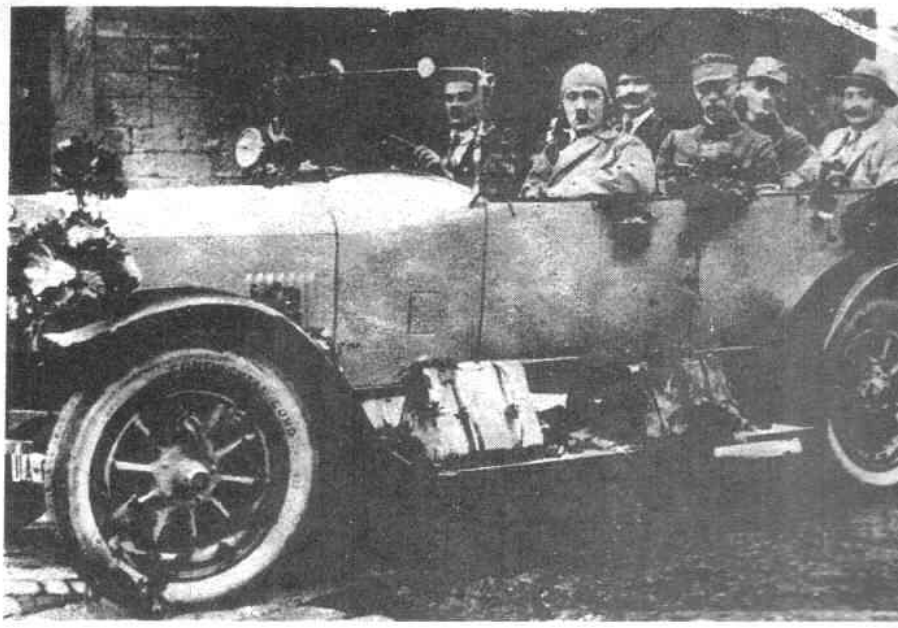
"These Supermarket openings are becoming more ridiculous every day."

"In the mature male and in the mature female . . ."

"Do you think anyone will recognize me in civies?"

"Smile, idiot, we're on Candid Camera."

"Are you smoking more and enjoying it less?"



"And leave the driving to us."

The commercial that was never finished...

Been Away, White head?
No, not really, Burma, Bangkok, Shang-hai...
Hong-Kong . . . Madrid . . . Kenya . . . Rangoon . . . Cairo . . . Manila . . . New Dehli . . . Miami Beach . . . Brussels . . . Levittown . . . Coppenhagen . . . Harlem.
Des Moines . . . Havana . . . Bouganville . . . Singapore . . . St. Moritz . . . St. Helena . . . St. Louis . . . Montreal . . . The Bronx . . .
Tehran . . . West 125th St... Baghdad . . . Algiers . . . Glasgow . . . Bellfast . . . Tunisia . . . Algiers . . . Calcutta . . .
Formosa . . . Canton . . . Cleveland . . . Saigon . . . Seoul . . . Mandalay . . . Yokohama . . . Vladivostok... Pusan... Peiping... Greenwich Village . . .
. . . Brighton Beach . . . Belgrade . . . Barcelona . . . Helsinki . . . Damascus . . . Port Said . . . Little Rock . . . Rockville Center . . .
Beautiful shparkling bubbles . . . Schleppervescent.
bles . . . Schleppervescent!

DIVORCE, OF COURSE

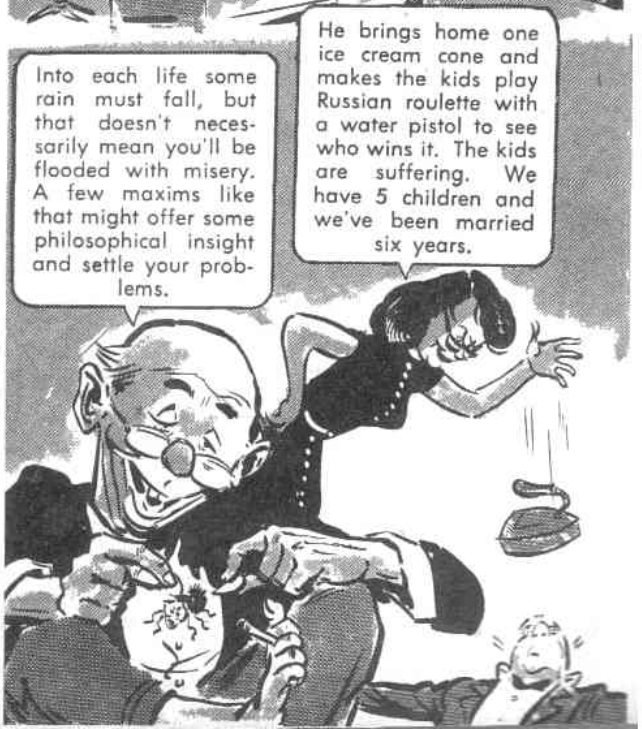
Art By S. R. Powell

ONE OF TV'S GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE SHOWS

Ladies and gentlemen, what you are about to see is an unrehearsed discussion between two people who have found their married life intolerable. In a last-ditch effort to keep the bonds of matrimony tied, they've agreed to tell their problems to Dr. Paul Profane.
Thank you, Wimpy. Whom have you brought to air their dirty linen coast-to-coast?
We have a young couple named Mr. and Mrs. B. They used to be Mr. and Mrs. J, but they changed their names so their friends wouldn't recognize them.
Here is a young couple with the normal amount of domestic problems, problems that can be solved by talking with an enlightened, educated man like me, a man who's been through the mill a few times himself.

This punk is no-good. He gambles his money away. He's a no-good (CENSORED)
I'm no CENSORED. She's a CENSORED.
Steady now. Watch your CENSORED language. Go on, Mrs. B.
CENSORED
CENSORED

A couple of years ago some of his friends started him gambling. Now he bets on anything. He punched me in the mouth the other day and last Friday he kicked me down the stairs, 12 stitches worth.


Into each life some rain must fall, but that doesn't necessarily mean you'll be flooded with misery. A few maxims like that might offer some philosophical insight and settle your problems.
He brings home one ice cream cone and makes the kids play Russian roulette with a water pistol to see who wins it. The kids are suffering. We have 5 children and we've been married six years.

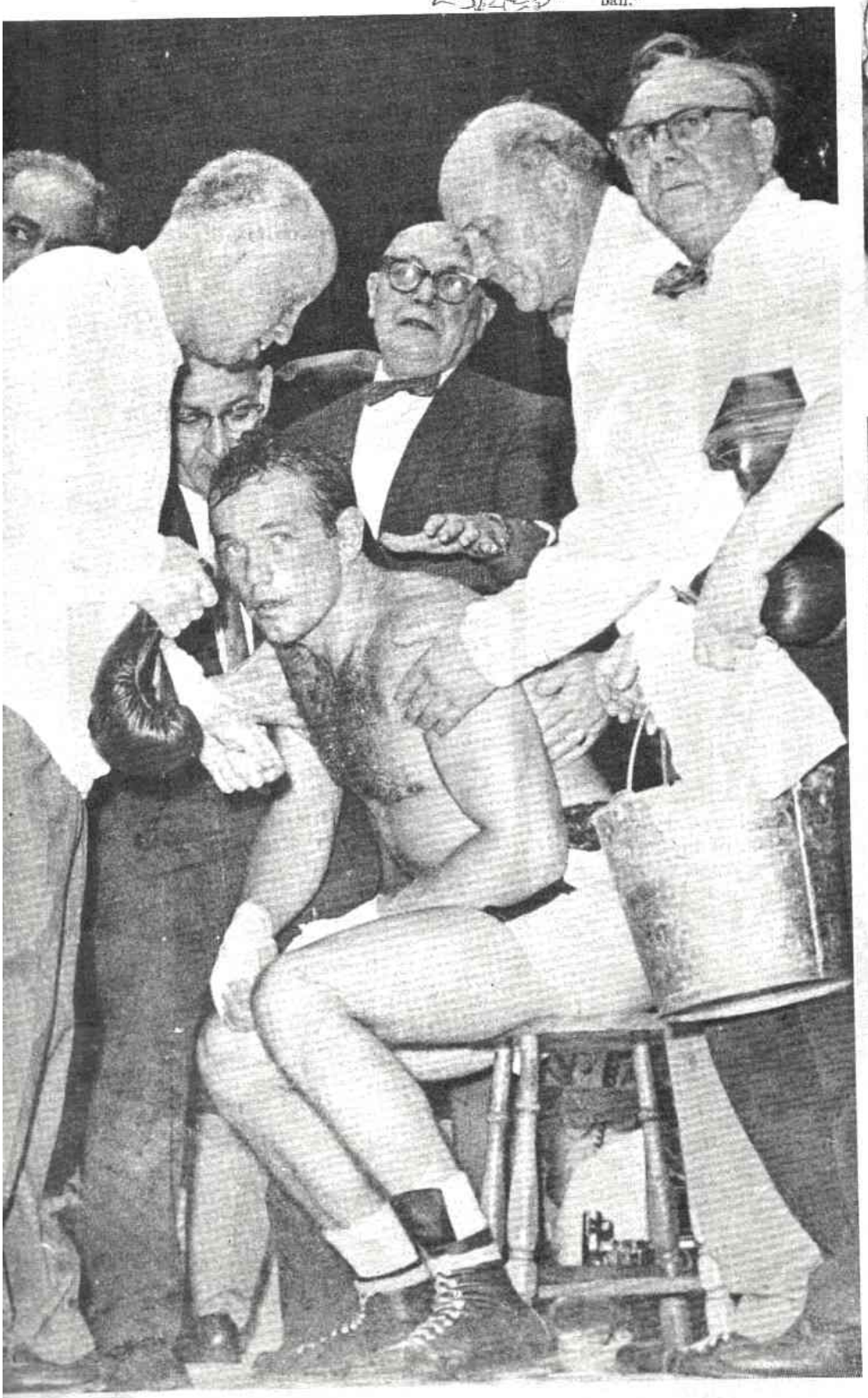
I see, one year off for good behavior. Now, Mr. B, have you been gambling?
I deal 'em once in a while.
Once in a while? Why you CENSORED.
Patience is a virtue few possess. If it weren't for "patients" where would doctors be? Notice how I turned that sticky situation into a light moment with a wry jest? It's maturity and insight that does it.
And he always keeps a pair of aces up his arms.
You mean up his sleeves?
Oh, doctor, the other day he gave my oldest boy, Fan Tan, a pair of loaded dice that always come up sevens and elevens. He's gambling his life away.
I must ask you not to cry over my teakwood desk. Misery or no, you must respect other's property . . . You there, Nick the Greek, you got any gripes about your wife here?
Yeah. She's homely as a deuce of diamonds. I sublimate my desires for her by dealing off the bottom of the deck. She let herself go to pot and what a pot she got.
I let myself go because he gambles. He'd rather look at an inside straight than at my legs.
You have the prettiest pair of legs of any disgruntled wife who's ever been in this office. If you throw away those glasses and get a new hair-do, your husband would love to take you out. In fact, I might even take you out . . .
Oh, doctor.

Up his arms. Plastic surgery. He got caught once with them up his sleeves. Now he slides them right in his arm . . .
And he has a pin-up picture of Mickey Cohen in the bedroom.
The idolatry of gamblers and others of their ilk who live by extra-legal activities certainly is not conducive to domestic tranquility.
I told him that. If this keeps up I'll be dead in a year.
7-5 she won't.
Make it two to one and you got a . . . oh . . . now, youngsters, we must try to look at this objectively and dispassionately. Let me try to analyze this. As I understand it, Mrs. B, your husband's mother, a former fortune teller, wants to live with you but you object because she eats tangerines in bed and sprinkles tea leaves in the consomme. You, Mr. B, have asked your wife to refrain from giving you truth serum injections while you sleep because her accuracy is poor and your arm looks like a junkie's . . . oh . . . that was the LAST couple . . . sorry . . . I hear so much of this maudlin misery . . .
you CENSORED, take your lips off my, wife.
Merely offering sagacious counsel based on many years of capitalizing on other's problems.
Call it for a buck!
Heads.
Let's make it two out of three.
Tune in tomorrow when Dr. Profane will listen to the problems of a man whose wife gave him stale coffee so he's divorcing her on those grounds.
Coffee . . . grounds . . . get it? Ah, ha, hah, ha, ha. That's show biz.

SICK SPORTS PAGE

Looking forward to the forthcoming Ingemar Johanson-Floyd Patterson Heavyweight Championship fight, SICK reviews the last fight in pictures:

Question to Mickey Mantle: "What's the toughest pitch to hit?" Answer: "A thrown ball."



"What is he—some sort of nut?"

"And you don't like my singing voice either?"

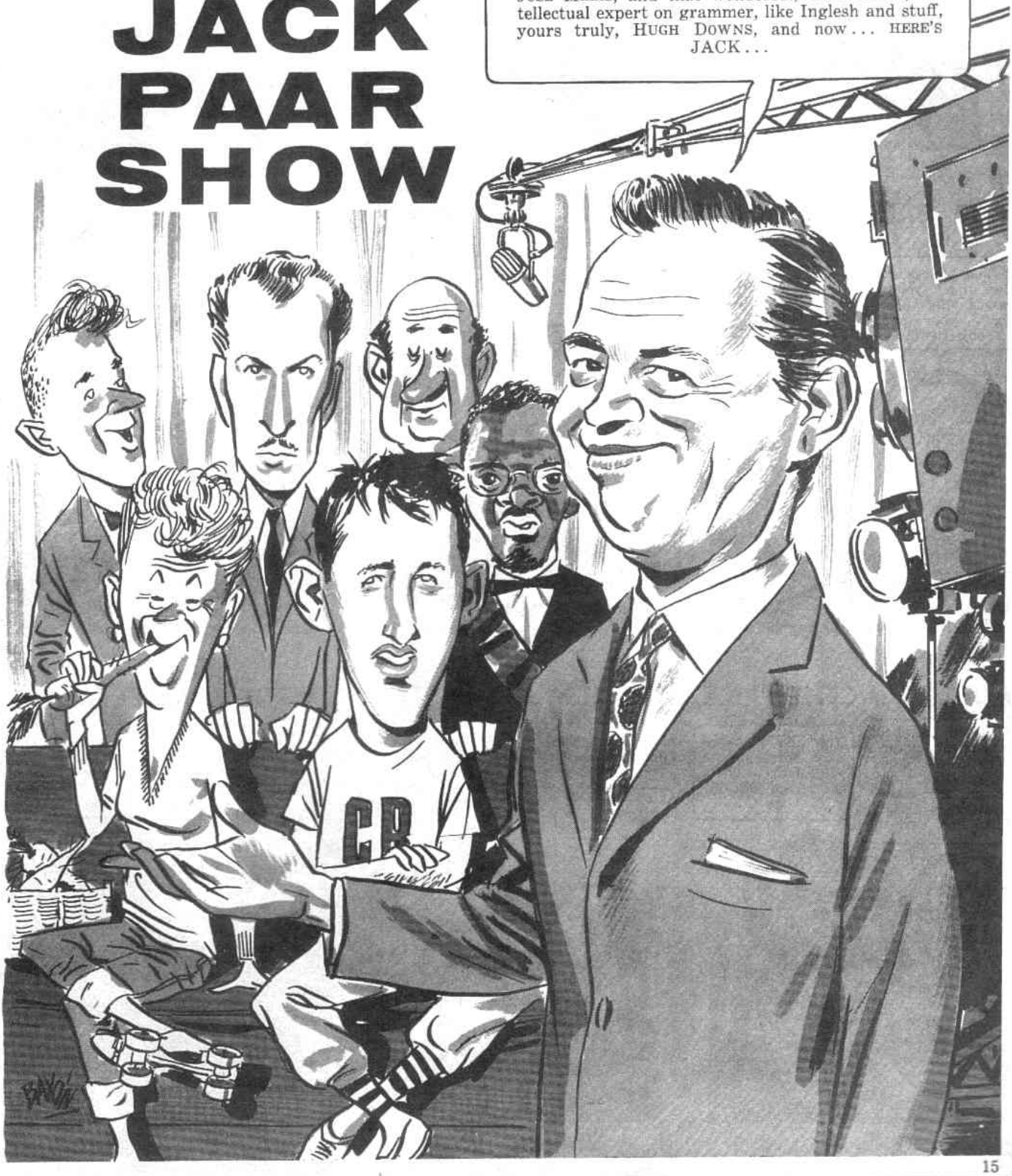
"Do you think I was overtrained?"

THE BEST way to get on the Jack Paar Show is to bring a book that you want to plug. The only thing you can't plug on the Jack Paar Show is Walter Winchell—Paar wants to plug Winchell himself.

SICK likes the Jack Paar Show because most of Jack's guests are Sick—Alex King *(kidneys)*, Zza Zza Gabor *(chest)*, Hugh Downs *(personality complex)*, Peggy Cass *(speech impediment—she can't stop talking)*. That's why it would be very easy...

IF SICK RAN The JACK PAAR SHOW

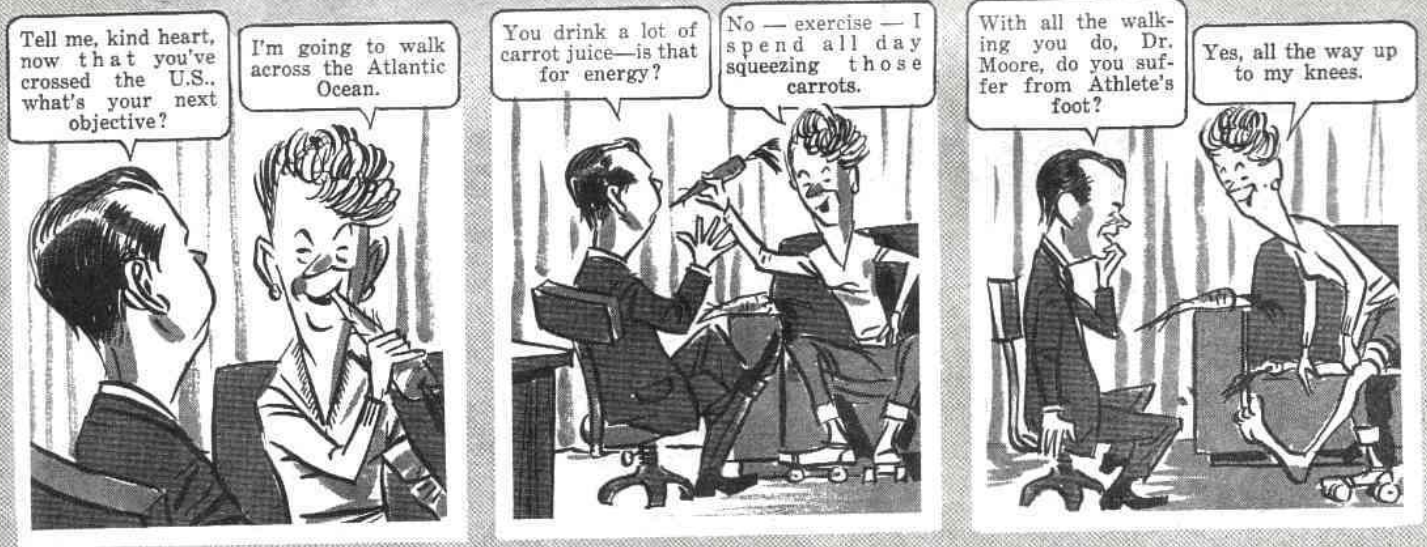
The National Broadcasting Company in conjunction with some 10,000 sponsors presents the Jack Paar Show... Jack's guests tonight include: VINCENT PRICE, THOMAS CRONIN, DR. BARBARA MOORE, BILLY MARTIN, PATRICE LAMUMBA, PAUL BUMKIN, JOSE MELIS, and that wonderful, effervescent, intellectual expert on grammer, like Inglesh and stuff, yours truly, HUGH DOWNS, and now... HERE'S JACK...



BILLY MARTIN, BATTLING SHORTSTOP OF CINCINNATI REDS

Tell me, Billy, what round . . . what inning, did your fight with Jim Brewer take place?
It was the third inning.
How did you throw the punch?
I threw it overhand. I used to throw sidearm when I was with the Yankees and I lost a lot of fights.
so they sent me down to the minors for seasoning. It was there I learned to throw overhand.
Who managed you in the minors?
Rocky Marciano—we didn't win many games, but we never lost a fight.

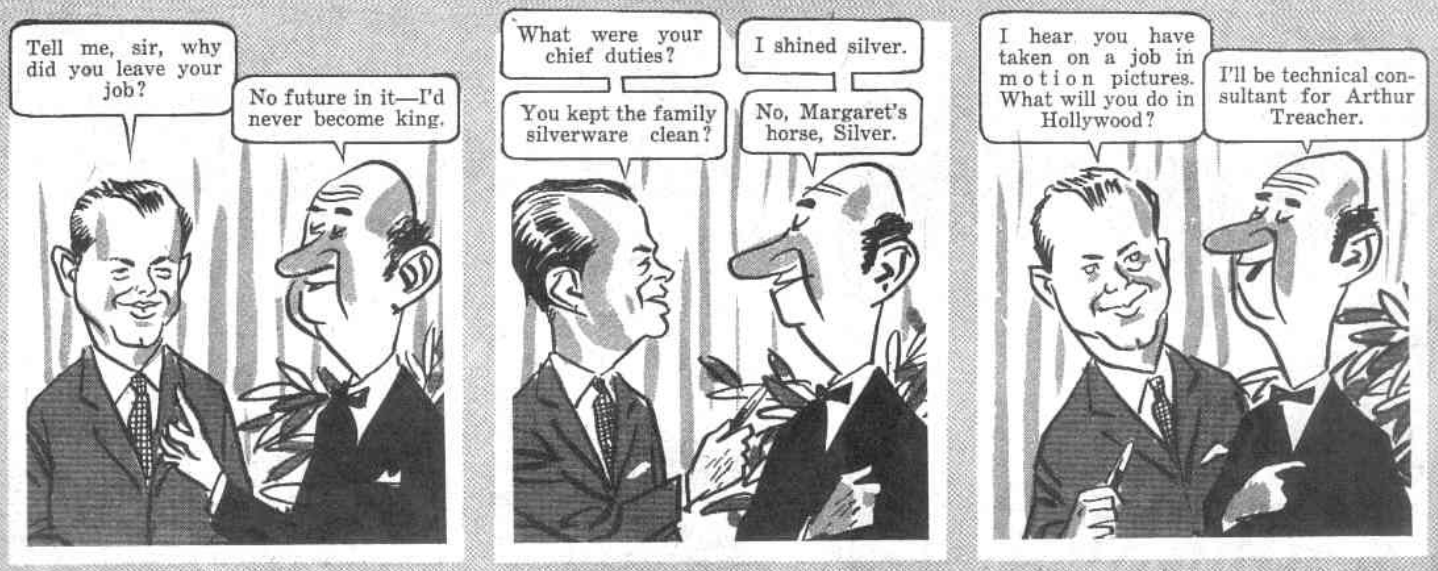
DR. BARBARA MOORE, WHO WALKED ACROSS THE U. S.


Tell me, kind heart, now that you've crossed the U.S., what's your next objective?
I'm going to walk across the Atlantic Ocean.
You drink a lot of carrot juice—is that for energy?
No — exercise — I spend all day squeezing those carrots.
With all the walking you do, Dr. Moore, do you suffer from Athlete's foot?
Yes, all the way up to my knees.

ACTOR VINCENT PRICE, WHO JUST COMPLETED HIS 67TH HORROR MOVIE

Vin, tell us about your latest picture. "The House of Usher"—that's based on the classic mystery by Edgar Allen Poe, isn't it?
Yes, and we were very fortunate to get Edgar to write the screen play for us.
What's the most horrible movie you ever made?
"The Flying Crud" But they haven't released it.
Why not?
They haven't captured it yet.
What's the toughest part of your roles?
The fan mail. After I starred in "The Fly", I got fan mail from small insects. My home looks like a swamp.

THOMAS CRONIN, FORMER BUTLER FOR PRINCESS MARGARET


Tell me, sir, why did you leave your job?
No future in it—I'd never become king.
What were your chief duties?
I shined silver.
You kept the family silverware clean?
No, Margaret's horse, Silver.
I hear you have taken on a job in motion pictures. What will you do in Hollywood?
I'll be technical consultant for Arthur Treacher.

PAUL BUMKIN, WHO SAW "PSYCHO" FROM THE MIDDLE

Sir, you saw "Psycho" from the middle, but theaters are under strict orders not to let anyone into the theater after the movie begins.
My brother is an usher at Loew's Pitkin Avenue—he let me in through an opening in a candy machine. If Alfred ever finds out.
How did you like "Psycho"?
It's better if you see it from the beginning.
What's your brother doing now?
He's laying low until this thing blows over.

PREMIER PATRICE LAMUMBA, BELGIAN CONGO

Tell me, how do you pronounce your name Premier Lamumba?
Premier.
I understand the people of the Congo are very religious.
Yes, they're orthodox sadists.
Can you tell us who is causing all the trouble in the Belgian Congo?
Yes, it's Johnny Weismuller.

TO LET YOUR FRIENDS KNOW YOU'RE THINKING OF THEM SEND...

FRONT OF CARD

I told you to drop dead

BACK OF CARD

You haven't even gotten sick yet

GET SICK CARDS

FRONT OF CARD

Pharmeceutical companies have found a way to insure extra stock dividends, and a rising market! We want to let you --- the public --- in on it, so you can profit and help.

BACK OF CARD

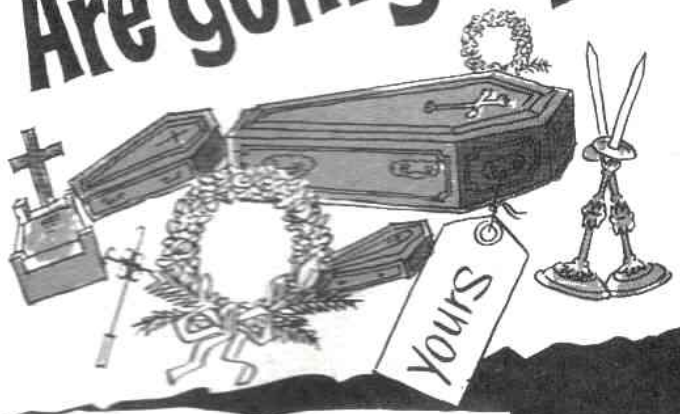
SHOK

Get Sick!!

FRONT OF CARD

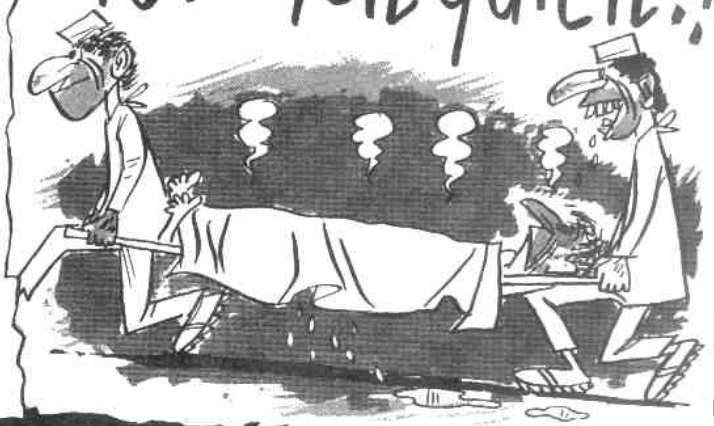
Blue Cross premiums

Are going up!



BACK OF CARD

Get sick quick!!

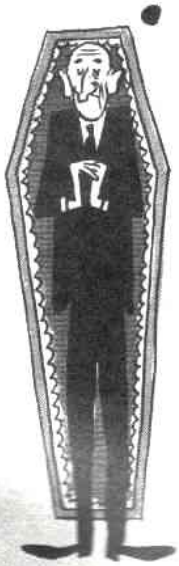


FRONT OF CARD

I've found a cure For all your imaginary ills

BACK OF CARD

Get real ONES!



I picked up a little something for you

A cold germ

BAYOU

SICK Award

For the Best Legal Action of the Year

Heard on the Oscar Levant TV Show...

LEVANT: *"Tell me, Bill, have you been getting much work since your arrest?"*

TALLMAN: *"No, Oscar, but that was some party."*

To William Tallman... The former DA on the "Perry Mason" show, who lost 78 cases opposing Perry Mason and last month in Los Angeles won his first case—his own...

...AND IT SHALL BE MY DUTY AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO PROSECUTE TO THE LIMITS OF THE LAW ALL PEOPLE ACCUSED OF CRIME AND TO DEFEND WITH EQUAL VIGOR THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF ALL ITS CITIZENS...

Medicine

This monologue was written by **Dee Caruso and Bill Levine**, who also write for comedians, Don Adams, Dick Van Dyke, Red Buttons, Marty Allen & Steve Rossi, Dick Rowan and Dan Martin, Joey Bishop and Phyllis Diller.

OUR MONOLOGUE for SICK Comics has proven to be one of the most popular features of this little magazine. It has only appeared in two issues and already we have had countless law suits and threatening letters. It is nice to know that people are reading this SICK feature and that they think enough to write. By far the most interesting letter was from a reader in Canyon City, the Federal Penitentiary in our great midwest. The reader, who signs himself 4876321, writes that he has taken to doing SICK monologues and he is now the "lifer" of his cell block. He is forever being called upon to do his witty monologues—last week he did a command performance for the prison warden, John J. Command, at the prison's death house. He reports the monologue gave many of the inmates there a charge. It killed three of them... We thank Mr. 4876321 for his encouraging letter and wish him a happy and rewarding confinement.

YOU, TOO, can reach the heights you've always dreamed about. For that big church social, gang rumble, drag race, Russian spy trial, Senate hearing or barmitzvah, here is this month's...

Monologue for SICK comics

Poetry to Jazz

Good Evening, Beat Ones, welcome to our nightly Poetry-Jazz Session here at Jack's Subterranean in the heart of Greenwich Village. If you're a tourist, you probably came to dig the queers, weird-do's, and odd balls. Well, Jack . . . if you look around, you'll see a lot of ABNORMAL people here too.

We'll get to our poems in a minute, but first I want to tell the fringe element a little something about our movement. The Beat Generation started in San Francisco and worked its way East across the country to Berkeley. We've now got 462 coffee shops scattered throughout the East . . . the East side of McDougall Street in the Village. But we're expanding—we're opening shops on the other side of the street and if that works out, next year, we're going to start serving coffee.

A lot of cats ask why we are so beat and defeated. Well man, the reason is that today there are no more issues to fight for-10-20 years ago da young American Intellectuals had certain basic idealogical concepts they were trying to force on the people . . . like poverty, racial prejudice, and class hatred.

That's when the country was unified. Like it was nothing to see 3, 4 or sometimes even 5 hundred people lined up on a street corner. You don't have that in this country any more and I'll tell you why—because you don't have any more bread lines.

Now some cats are saying that the Beat Generation is getting a bad name for itself because of particular individuals among us who indulge in drinking sessions, orgies and exotic all-night seminars. Well, my group wants to set it straight . . . those individuals are not the followers of the Beat Generation . . . They're the founders.

POETRY TO JAZZ—

We even get criticized for growing beards. Man, we're not growing beards, we just ain't shaving. "How come you're always wearing dark glasses and loud clothes," they're always asking us. Well, Jack, we need those dark glasses 'count we wear loud clothes.

Now, get this drag, man . . . they say we don't have any books to chronicle our age: But we do—how about: "Where did you go—out. What did you do—Nothing."

Speaking of nothing, let me introduce our host and leader—Jack Kerrouc, owner of Jack's Subterranean here in the Village, Jack's Cave in Chicago, Jack's Tunnel in Detroit, and Jack's Toilet in Omaha . . . take five, Jack.

Incidentally, this poetry to Jazz got its start right here in Jack's Subterranean. One night, John Flick, one of the waiters started reading the menu over the rhythms of Jimmy Jeffry's trio. The whole place dug the kick and John got six encores on the desserts alone. Of course, John ain't working here no more. He's now the proprietor of John's Pit in Pittsburgh, John's Mine Shaft in Duluth, and John's John in Des Moines.

Well now, we're going to do some of our own poetry to jazz readings. Last week we read Shakespeare by Thelonius Monk and tonight for some of the more beat members. I'm reading Joyce Killmer's "Trees"—Crazy! On the flip side, I'm going to render "Hiawatha" by Larry Getz.

Backing me up tonight, we've got the trio with Amelia Vance on Trombone. The Generation will remember Amelia for his fantastic accompaniment to my "Mending Walls" reading at our Bobby Frost blast. On the vibes we've got Claire De Lune. How are you, Clare? Try it with the sticks tonight, baby. In addition, we've got Charlie Ventura on tenor sax and Dizzy Gilespie on Charlie Ventura. Oscar Pettiford will once again man the cymbals tonight . . . however, due to a huge oversight, Oscar forgot his cymbals so for this tiff he's using his hands. Let's hear those big hands, Oscar. (LOUD CYMBAL CRASH)

Now, have all you fellas read the poem—I mean are you familiar with the work? Good—do you all hear it? Cause I don't want anyone fighting me tonight.

Just a half note before I begin—the group has recorded all our tunes on the Shapiro Label, like everyone and his brother is making an album today . . . Saw one just the other day by Tommy Dorsey and his brudder.

Okay, I'll begin: "I think that I shall never see . . . (WILD RIFF)

Hold it—where do you get that from? I mean where do you feel "Embracable You?"

What's that, Claire? "Embracable You" is the only number you know with the sticks? I mean what were you doing all those years when Oscar was learning you your instrument? Oh, you were making it with Oscar. Did he know how to play with the sticks? No, but he sure could play with his hands. (LOUD CYMBAL CRASH) Hold those big hands steady, Oscar.

BEATNIK CLUB MEETING— A group of Beatniks or "New Generation" members in good standing holds a typical group get-together in a Village coffee shop. Beatniks aren't drinking any coffee since they think it is "square" to drink Expresso—the new trend is toward Instant Maxwell House. They leave the last drop in the cup as an act of rebellion against the advertising agency.

A special section devoted to the world of flesh peddlers. A fantastic breed of high voltage minds and quick triggered tongues, their bible is the phone directory, their office, a telephone booth, their theme song, *"We call everybody sweetheart."*

The Ten Percenters

TRAVEL AGENT

EVERYONE has heard about Napoleon's exiles, just as everyone knows Napoleon only had four fingers on his left hand and that is why he kept that hand inside his vest, not because he carried a shoulder holster as previously reported (this issue of SICK).

BUT after Napoleon's first exile on St. Helena have you ever wondered what made him choose Elba as his second exile spot? Here is a SICK conversation between Napoleon and an agent of Cook's Enforced Exiles and Confined Vacation Tours...

But I tell you there's nothing in Elba... Just sand, beaches, and ocean.
You'll be the big attraction . . . You can show your medals and draw war maps.
There are no facilities on Elba.
There are a million things to do . . . it's a young crowd there.
Josephine doesn't like the crowd—too French. I'll have to mingle . . . They'll keep asking me about Waterloo.
You'll have a happy exile at Elba—they have an obnoxious new social director.
I liked St. Helena—had a lovely exile there—a real militant group—we used to organize war games—set up landing parties. Who knows I might want to launch another revolt.
Elba has a variety show every Monday night and cocktail hour on Sundays.
It will probably rain all the time I'm there.
Your cell faces the beach—you'll get a lovely tan.
In this outfit I'll get a tan? All right, I'll try it for a month. If it doesn't work out I can always spend the summer at Newgate Prison. It isn't plush, but the food is cheap...
HURRY UP!

SICK goes back to the 16th Century for this Conversation. The great Italian artist, Michelangelo, is talking to his agent on the telephone. You will need a little imagination for this scene since there were no agents nor telephones in the 16th Century. In fact, some historians still claim there was no 16th Century . . .

ARTIST'S AGENT

Mike? Oh, hello, Baby . . . What's doing in Florence?

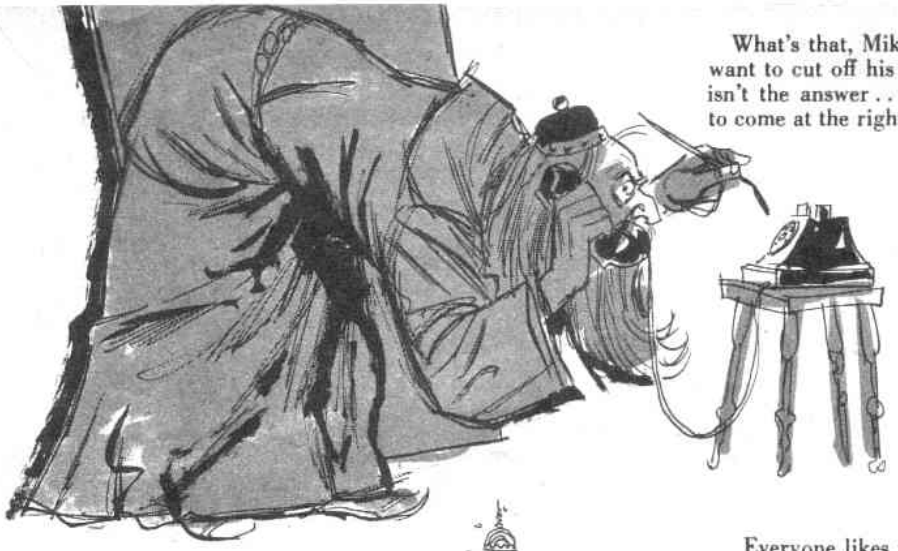
They want you to do what? To paint a ceiling—the Sistine Chapel? No, Mike, a ceiling is out—you're an artist, Mike, not a ceiling painter.

Yes, Mike, but who will see it? Nobody goes into chapels any more. Couldn't you work on something smaller—like a mural for a coffee shop? Look, Mike, why don't you go back to doing those caricatures of people in the street? I know it doesn't pay much, but at least it keeps you outdoors . . .

Okay, Mike, I know I haven't gotten you any bookings lately, Baby, but things are slow. Look, Sweetheart, it just isn't a good year for Italian artists.

What's that, Mike? You want to cut off your ear? Why would you want to do that, Baby—you having trouble with your hearing? Oh, the artist Victorius did it. Victorius could afford to cut off an ear—he had three. No, Mike, I'm against it, I don't want you to cut off your ear to spite your face.

Mike, I'm having a lot of trouble selling your sculptures—sure the statues are good, but Bunky, will you do me a favor? Do some statues of girls—there's a bigger market for them.



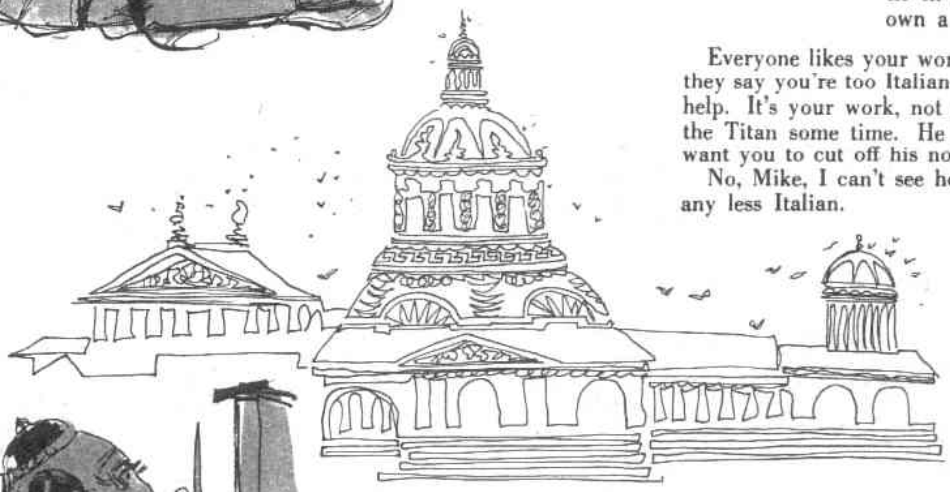
What's that, Mike? Yes, I know your Titan, a lovely statue. You want to cut off his what? His arms? No, Mike, maiming the statue isn't the answer . . . But Venus De Milo was a stunt. It happened to come at the right time. The market was ripe for an armless statue.

Mike, there's something else I'd like you to do for me. Can You make the statues a little smaller?

I know that's the way you feel them, but they're difficult to fit into a home. Couldn't you feel them a little smaller, Mike? I mean suppose a person bought one, how could he get it into his house? And once he got it inside, where would he put it? Sure, they fit in a city square, but how many people own a city square?

Everyone likes your work, Mike, but they have one criticism—they say you're too Italian. No, Mike, changing your name won't help. It's your work, not your name that's too Italian. Look at the Titan some time. He looks like Julius Caesar. No, I don't want you to cut off his nose—a nose job isn't the answer, Mike.

No, Mike, I can't see how cutting off his arms will make him any less Italian.



Look, Mike, maybe you better take this chapel job at Sistine. It will tide you over until I can line up something else. You got any ideas for the ceiling? You know, Mike, white is always good for ceilings.

What's that? You're going to paint the Ascension up there? You think enough people would recognize the Ascension if they saw it on a ceiling? I thought maybe you could do something more commercial—more identifiable—very few people identify with the Ascension, Mike.

Okay, go ahead with the Ascension—nobody's going to see it anyway.

You got a ladder, Mike? Good . . . How about drop cloths? And listen, Mike doll, now don't get sore, but while you're working in the church, go easy on the wine . . . The ceiling won't look good in grape.

Okay, Mike, keep in touch. I'll drop by the Sistine some day next week and see how the ceiling is coming . . .

BOOKING AGENT

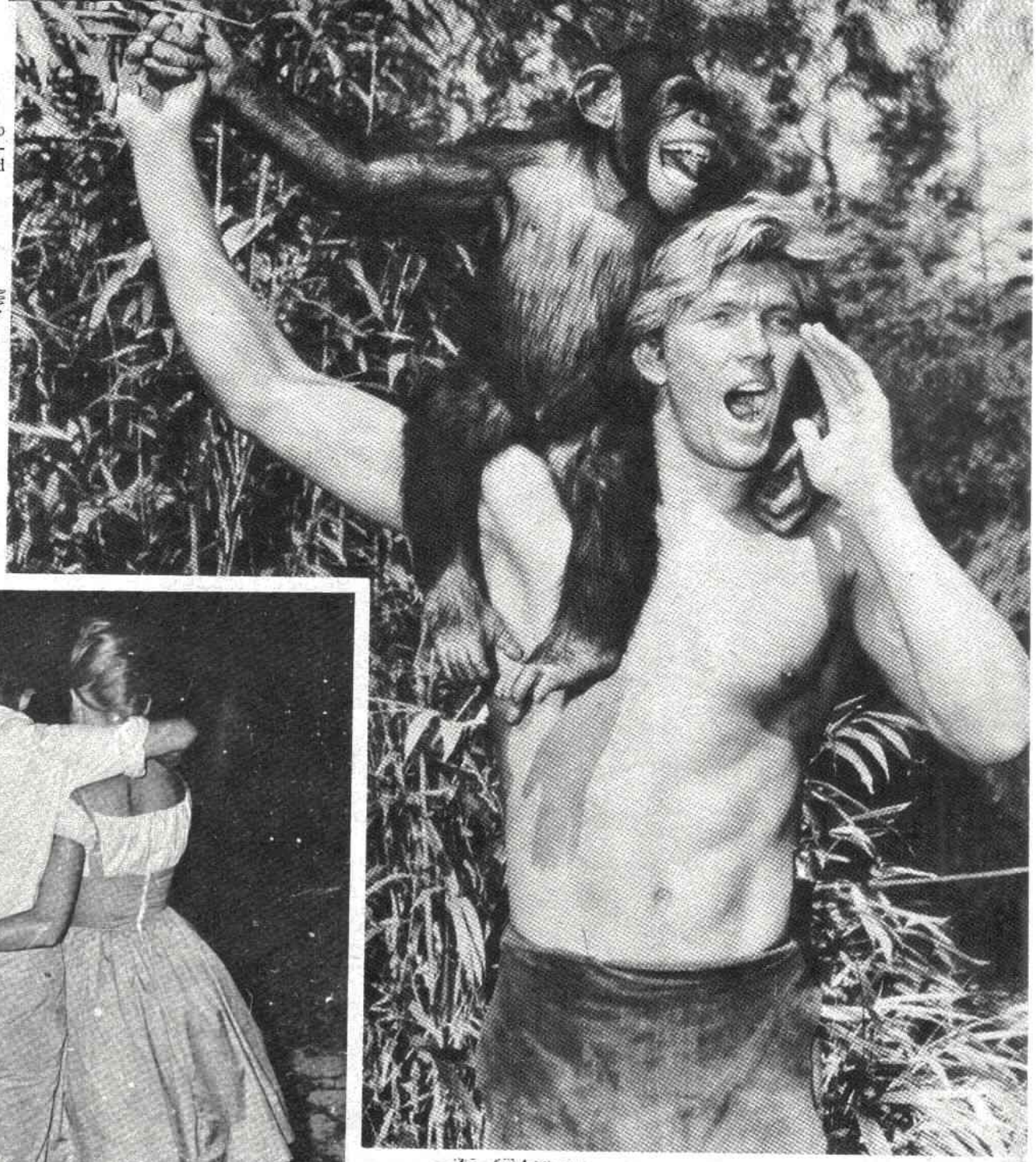
THE MOST dynamic of all ten percenters is the Broadway booking agent pictured here on multiple phones calling his clients. These talent agents will book any act on two or four legs... If it's breathing, they will find it work...

IN THIS EPISODE, the booking agent is speaking to his various clients around the world.

Hello, Al, Dr. Schweitzer, it's Sol... Yea, you're going into the Buffalo Glen Casino with your native choir... Dr. Finch is getting up a smart act for you—it opens with the Hippocratic oath... Trust me, Baby, it will be a smart act.
Hello, Adolf? Yes, honey, you'll open at the Las Vegas Inn right after the trial. You'll do good in that room... You want to change your name—what's wrong with Eichman??? Adolf—who remembers? The people will love you. What? Is it a Jewish crowd? Why do you ask—do you do dialect jokes?
Hello, Ben, the act with Nasser is set. It's got to be a double, Ben—Nasser and Gurion is the only billing they'll accept. You open at the Chez Paree Nov. 14th and then you play five weeks on the Coast. No, only in smart rooms. Look, Ben, do me a favor, lay off the Suez jokes...
KKK
YMHA
WHY NOT?

Hello, Nikita—you ready for the Copa opening? Winchell is giving you an orchid. What do you mean $3,000 per? Look, Nikita, you're only as good as your last purge . . . I'll give you $3,000 if you throw Nina into the act.
MADE IN CCCP
MADE IN
1942
Hello, Jack, Boy . . . You what? You want to go into the Palmer House in Chicago as a single—your wife is expecting again? Okay, Jack, but it's an older crowd so lay off the rock 'n roll. Yea, and Jack cut that corny curtain line—you know the one: "My brother thanks you, my mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my other brother thanks you, my sister thanks you, my other sister thanks you, Peter Lawford thanks you . . ." Yea, drop it, Jack, nobody likes a family name dropper.
HUMPHREY

It takes two to break up a marriage—the wife and her attorney...

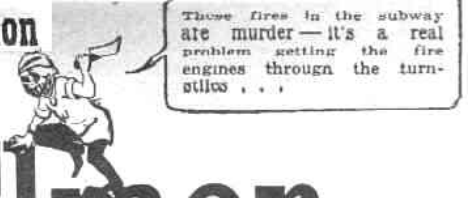


"I think we should stop seeing each other, Sis."

SICK's Hollywood

Contrary to popular belief, Tarzan is not Jewish... However, Chita is—that's why they never married.

Diana Varsi told why she returned to Hollywood with her baby—She found out that Connecticut is no place to bring up a baby.



Elmer Gantry

From the novel by Sinclair Lewis with additional dialect by Jerry Lewis

"ELMER GANTRY" released by Warden John Folsom, of Joliet Prison Productions, stars Burt Lancaster who gives his most striking performance since he played Jimmy Piersall in "Fear Strikes Out". "ELMER GANTRY" is a different kind of science fiction movie, dealing with subject matter that has rarely been handled by Hollywood—Suburban garbage disposal. Seriously, it is a very provocative movie. The supporting cast includes Jean Simmons (the former Mrs. Stewart Granger) and Shirley Jones (the former Miss Oklahoma). The one supporting player missing was Primo Carnera. This cast needed his kind of support.

"GANTRY" tells the story of a religious fanatic who sets out to take his message to the illiterate peoples of the world and to all underprivileged nations. He begins his tour down South . . . Shortly, his movement begins spreading and soon he has 360,000 followers and no leaders.

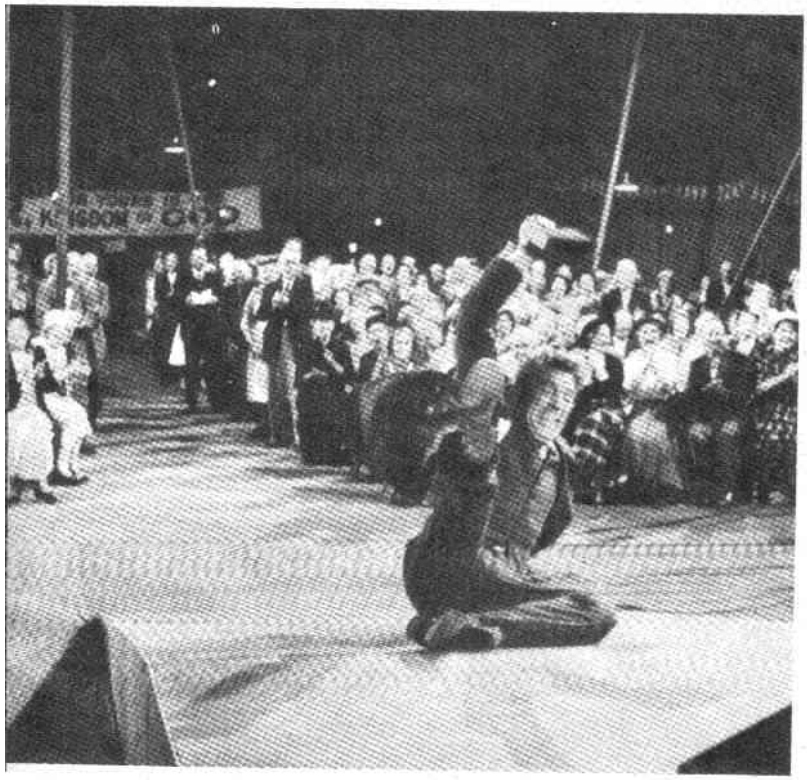
"GANTRY" received his calling through a telephone answering service. Gantry tells everyone that lightning struck him twice. He admits that lightning isn't supposed to strike twice in the same place, but he wasn't in the same place.

EVENTUALLY "GANTRY" becomes the leading fanatic of the day and finally addresses his largest single gathering—Kate Smith.

The opening is a scorcher with Elmer at a Fireman's Convention. The heat is on and soon the Fireman's convention spreads into the Chicago Fire, which is a little surprising as the convention was being held in Milwaukee. During the fire Elmer prevents panic by inducing a state of hysteria.

After his great success with the fire, Gantry goes on a tour speaking against fire prevention in torch-lit gatherings. His torch-lit talks become very popular and soon he is attracting as many as 1,000 men and women and upwards of 40,000 moths.

Success on his speaking tours, reunites Gantry with his estranged mother by a previous marriage at the National Democratic Convention. Mrs. Gantry, chairman of the Civil Rights Platform Committee, in real life is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the famous Raceway owner.



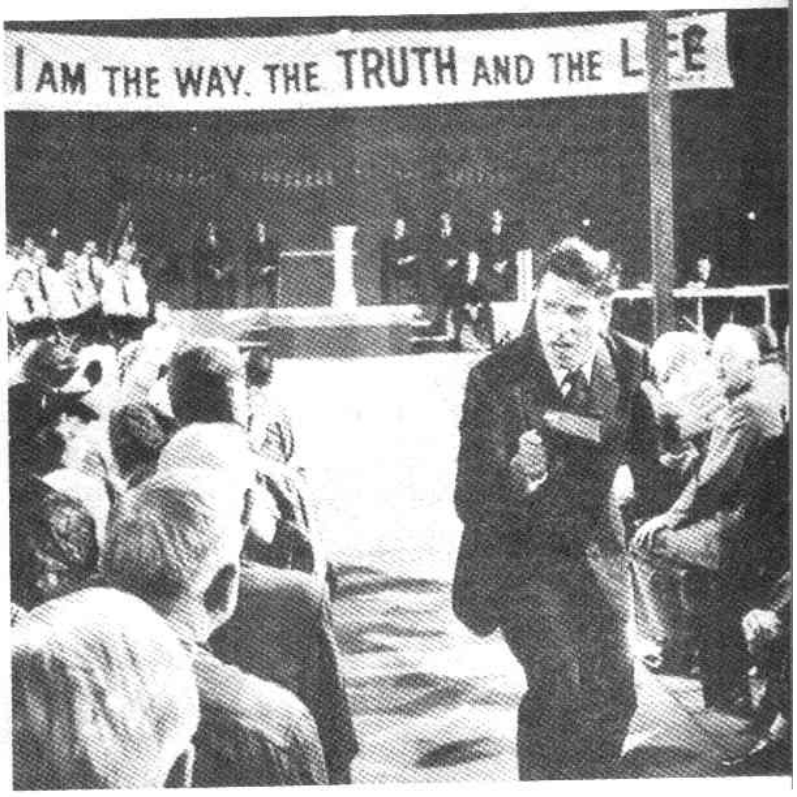
At the Republican Convention, Gantry makes his sure-fire entrance onto the convention floor, breaking their platform. Lancaster, although an agile acrobat in real life, refused to do this scene and his stuntman (Bart Stuntman) fell for Lancaster. Hollywood wags say the difference in their ages will doom the romance.

Back in the Gantry household, the Gantry family listens anxiously to election returns. Gantry's father, noted for his far-sighted political philosophy—"*Let's make friends with Hitler,*" refuses to discuss returns with the Gantry sisters, Madga and Zoli. Mr. Gantry (extreme left) is an extreme leftist.

Jean Simmons enters the Convention headquarters as Zsa Zsa Gabor and pleads for equal rights for six Hungarian women. Or is it sex hungry women?

Swinging over to the Republican National Convention, Gladys Gooding (also played by Jean Simmons in a studio economy move) leads the convention in the nation anthem, "*Drink to me only with thine eyes*", which is the national anthem in four of our country's dry states.

Gantry's youngest sister (Center), an extreme conservative, earns her living in the world's oldest profession—she's on relief. In this scene, Gantry's mother (seated), an extreme sadist, is asking her daughter how she likes the movie so far. The daughter (Shirley Jones) says she can take it or leave it. She leaves the movie in the next scene taking her dry nylons with her to her next movie job.



In the final scene, Gantry tells the audience about his next movie which is a different kind of science fiction movie—it's a Western. Gantry is explaining why, he, Burt Lancaster, in real life, is one of the biggest box office attractions in Hollywood today. "*Just put me in a box office and in no time at all you'll attract such a crowd . . .*"

CONSULT DR. SISTERS has helped literally thousands of confused and troubled people to air their troubles and confusion on a TV show. The question is has she helped any of these thousands of literal people to solve their problems? Let's look in as Consult conducts another of her television psycho clinics.

CONSULT DR. SISTERS

Our first problem tonight comes from Miss F. J. who writes: "I have been plagued all of my life by the fact that I don't have a full name like other people, just the initials F. J."

Miss F. J., your problem is a common one among people who write me. Be thankful for what you have—yours are lovely initials.

I feel like a failure—I can't seem to succeed at anything I do. Do you think I'm using the wrong deodorant?

Dear Failure, don't be depressed. It might help if you know that last year in America alone there were 15,000 successful suicides.

I work with the New York Sanitation Department, I am a garbage man. I wondered how you feel about the recent strike we had against the City of New York.

Personally, I think something about the settlement of the New York Sanitation Department strike stinks.

Dear Consult, I didn't mind when my girl used to ask me to pick up cigarettes or a morning paper when we were out on dates, but now she's beginning to ask me to buy house furnishings—isn't there some limit to this?

Yes — when the girl starts looking at rugs on your dates, drop her.

I've been married two weeks and I want out. All my wife does all the time is nag, nag, nag.

Marriage is a beautiful and sacred institution. It must be treated with care and respect. Two weeks is not enough time to make such an important decision —give it another week.

Well, I see that's all the time we have tonight. If you have a problem, please send it along to me. Good night.

Good show, Consult. There's a phone call for you—it's your husband.

Well, what the hell do you want? How many times have I told you never to call me at the studio. Who are you calling a neurotic? How would you like a mouthful of knuckles.

All the intellectual comics of the day...

and Richard M. Nixon...

(THE JACK PAAR SHOW)

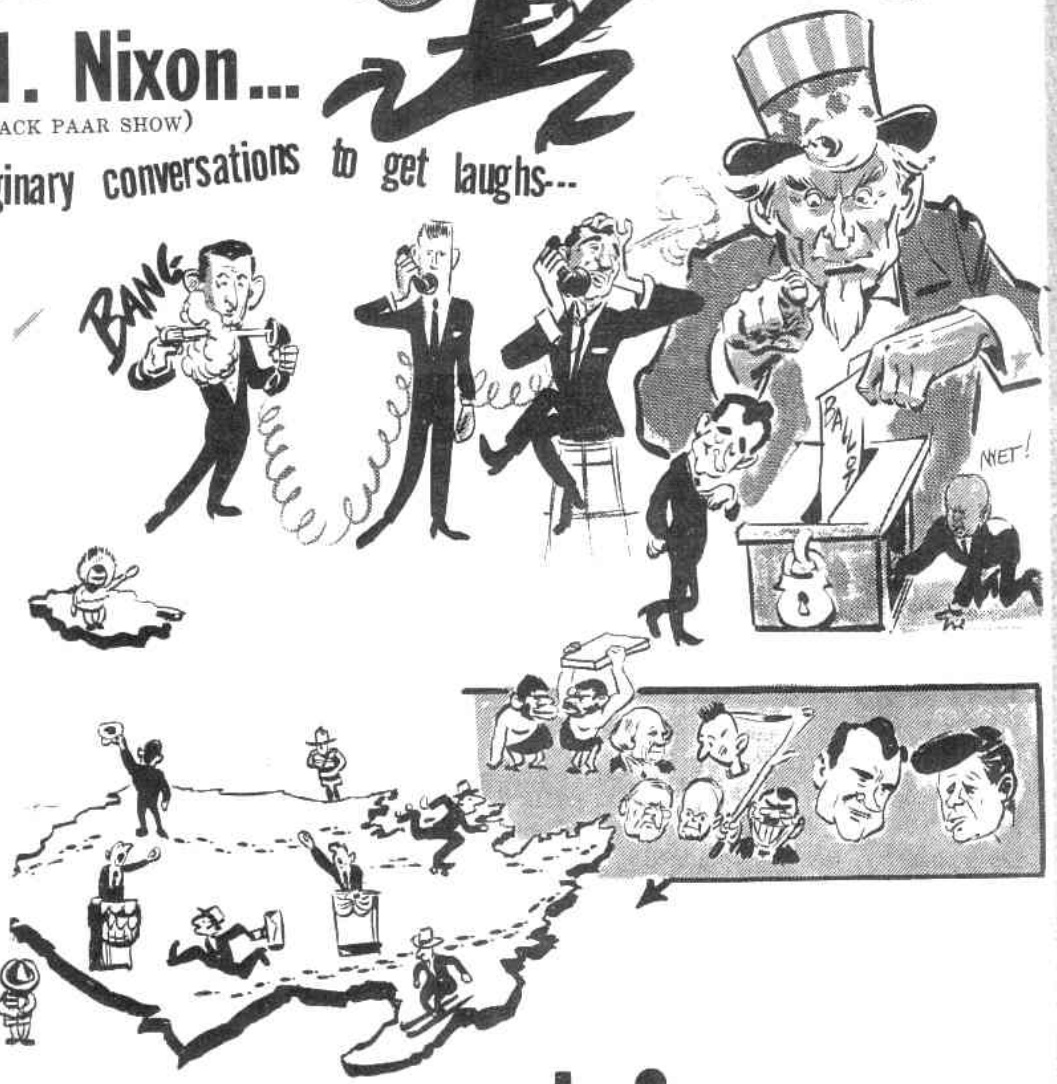
--use the device of imaginary conversations to get laughs--

Three of the aforementioned comedians keep hearing imaginary phones ringing and imaginary calls. Mr. Nixon keeps hearing a call too—but his is presumably from a nation.

Every four years two politicians begin hearing the same call and travel across the nation in hopes of answering it. But haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to recreate certain conversations that could never have taken place?

On the following pages SICK gives you several examples of conversations or scenes we like to imagine really took place. If you think of others like these, don't send them to us, put them away before they put you away.

Read the following pages and in no time at all you'll be talking to yourself, as SICK presents—



Conversation

THE RUSSIANS fired a rocket 4700 miles and it landed just 30 miles from the target area in Siberia. This shows tremendous accuracy and the Russians deserve a lot of credit for this feat, particularly those Russians who live 30 miles from the target area.

THIS HASN'T been the problem with American rockets. They've been blowing up before they reached the target area. Some of our rockets have been blowing up on takeoff and some have been blowing up on the launching pad . . . They've just designed a rocket at Cape Canaveral that blows up on the drawing board.

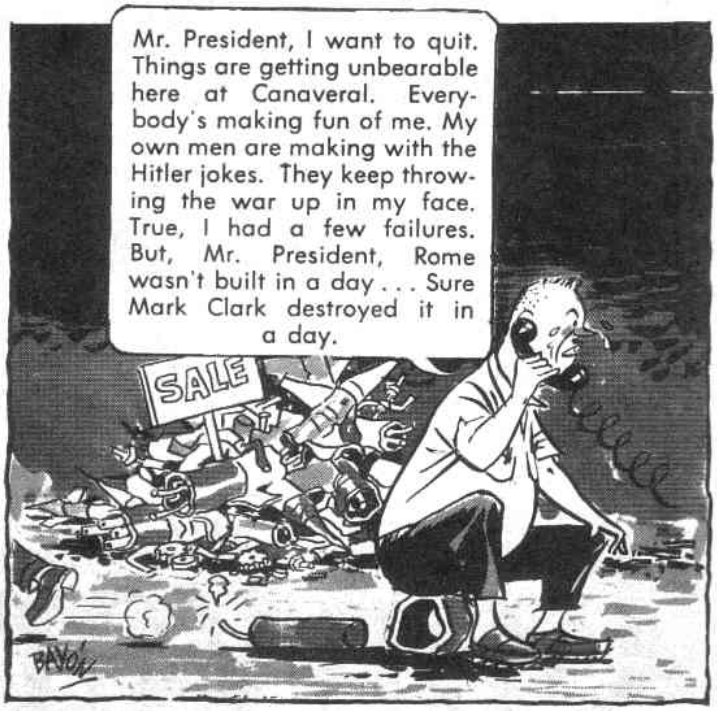
TO DATE, our government has spent 365 million dollars, in round figures, on rockets and that's just on round rockets—the oblong ones cost more.

THERE is no one who is more concerned about the failure of our rockets than the man who is the Commander-In-Chief of our missile program—Verne Von Koogle. A lot of people are amazed that we have a German scientist at the head of the American missile program—they think we should have a Russian scientist.

SICK presents an imaginary conversation between Von Koogle and the President.

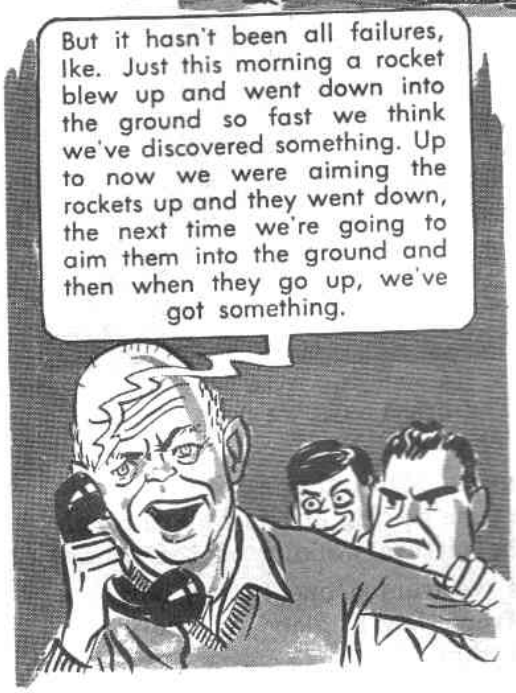
Hello, this is Verne Von Koogle, I want to talk to the President. What do you mean, What President? OUR president—IKE. I don't know where he is, try the White House. All right, then give me the clubhouse . . .

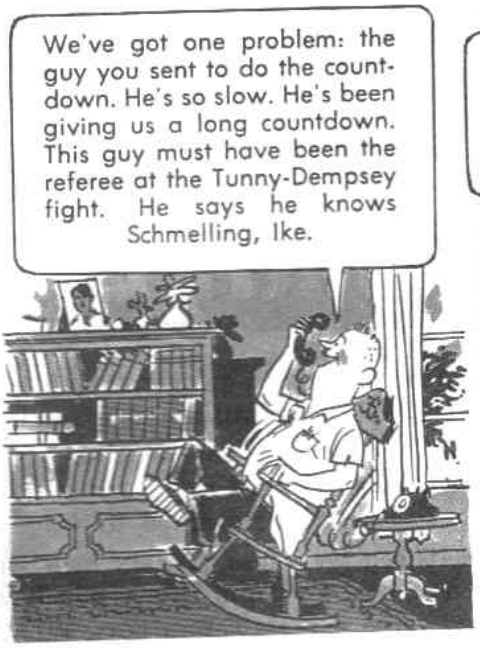
What's that? That's wonderful news, Ike . . . Now, you're going to start the back nine . . . You're having trouble with your drives? But, Mr. President, I want to talk to you about something more important than your drives . . . No, not your putting.

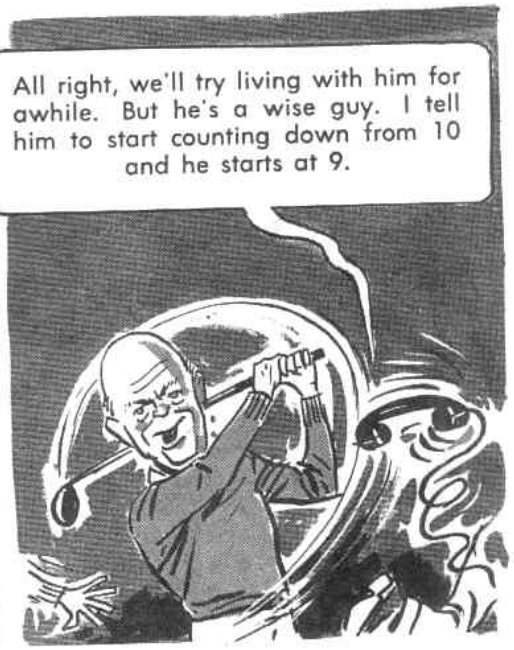

Mr. President, I want to quit. Things are getting unbearable here at Canaveral. Everybody's making fun of me. My own men are making with the Hitler jokes. They keep throwing the war up in my face. True, I had a few failures. But, Mr. President, Rome wasn't built in a day . . . Sure Mark Clark destroyed it in a day.
SALE
BAYOK

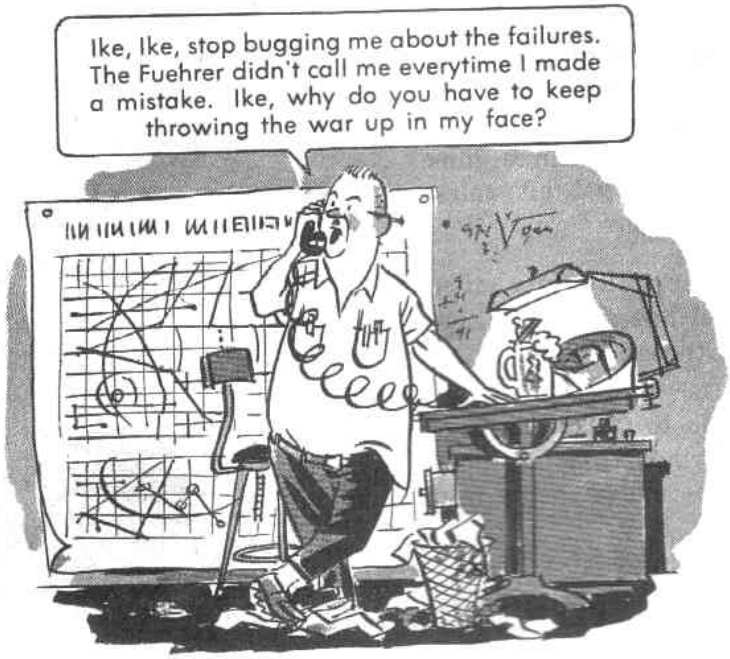
I made up my mind . . . I want out. Oh, I can't quit? . . . I'm a prisoner of war? . . .

You say your wife doesn't like the names we're giving the rockets? I can explain that, Ike. I never named the Vanguard, the Niki, or the Thor. I've been giving them German names, but they lose a lot in the translation.


But it hasn't been all failures, Ike. Just this morning a rocket blew up and went down into the ground so fast we think we've discovered something. Up to now we were aiming the rockets up and they went down, the next time we're going to aim them into the ground and then when they go up, we've got something.


We've got one problem: the guy you sent to do the countdown. He's so slow. He's been giving us a long countdown. This guy must have been the referee at the Tunny-Dempsey fight. He says he knows Schmelling, Ike.


All right, we'll try living with him for awhile. But he's a wise guy. I tell him to start counting down from 10 and he starts at 9.


Ike, Ike, stop bugging me about the failures. The Fuehrer didn't call me everytime I made a mistake. Ike, why do you have to keep throwing the war up in my face?

I want to resign as head of the missile program. I want to take the POW off my back, it's been 15 years since the war was over—haven't you given the prisoners back yet? I want to resign right now. What's that? I should have called Hagerty? He's the one who hired me.
ARGENTINA

SICK Conversation number two...

MARINE SERGEANT

"Men, the War isn't going too well... The brass says we need a historic maneuver like a flag raising or a suicide charge...

"Now, they chose me because I staged MacArthur's wonderful return to Bataan. Believe me, I had a hard time getting him to walk through the water, MacArthur wanted to stage the picture walking on the water.

"The reason we chose you six men was we wanted one Italian boy, one Jewish boy, one boy from Texas, one boy from New England, one boy from the South, and one Hawaiian boy. What's that—Keylee? You're not Hawaiian, you're Korean. Never mind—look Hawaiian for the picture.

"Now, for this inspirational war picture, we're going to plant an American flag on top of Suribachi over there. To make the picture more dramatic we're going to have mortar and machine gun fire all around you. But don't panic, that machine gun fire will be coming from our machine guns. It will be aimed eight feet above your heads so you can't get hit unless one of you is crazy enough to stand on somebody's shoulders.

"The mission isn't dangerous—there isn't a Jap soldier within fifty miles of that hill. However, for a realistic touch, the colonel has spotted a few Jap snipers out there. But don't let them worry you, those snipers are all lousey shots.

"Now, when you get to the top of the hill I want you to stick that flagpole into the ground. Don't look into the camera and when that flag goes up, I want all hands on the flagpole. Remember you'll be under enemy fire. I don't want anybody in the platoon saluting the flag.

"Just before the flag goes up, everybody grit their teeth and say "cheese". When I say "cheese", I mean "cheese", I don't want any wise guys saying "Kraft."

"All right let's get this right on the first shot... A marine group tried to shoot this picture on Midway but they used the wrong flag... Some idiot slipped in a Jap flag and they ended up with a shot of six U.S. Marines on top of a hill raising the Rising Sun. That isn't the message we want to take back to the people...

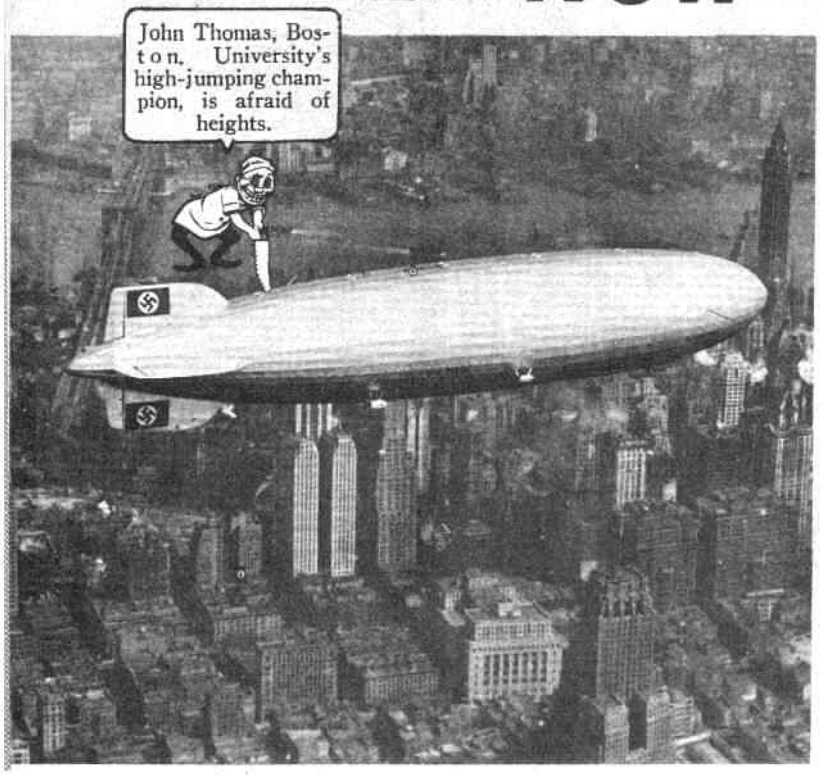
"I see the cameras are all set up. Get ready to charge up that hill. Now, does anyone have an American flag? No... Well, then I'll have to ask one of the Jap snipers..."

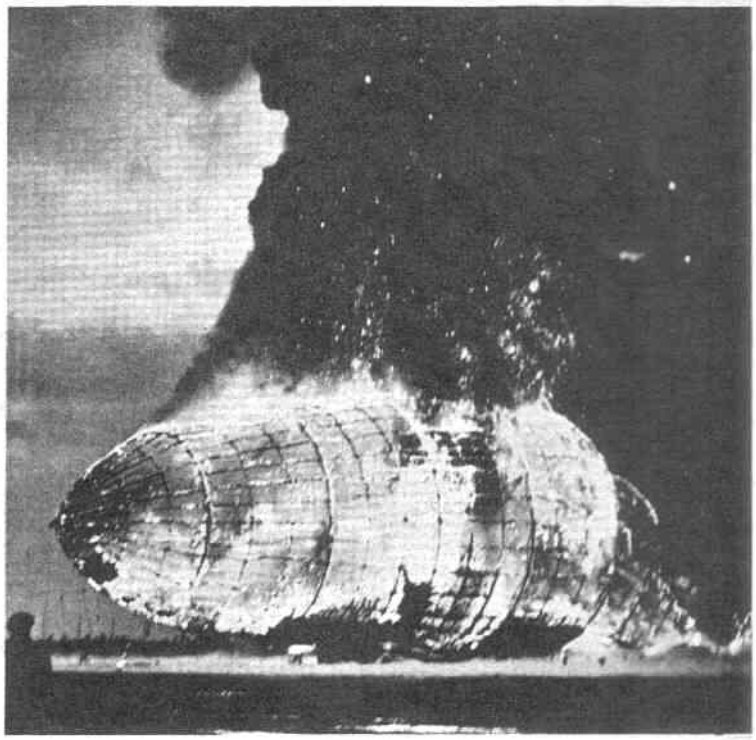
By Dee Caruso & Bill Levine

Art By Angelo Torres

justinman@archive.org

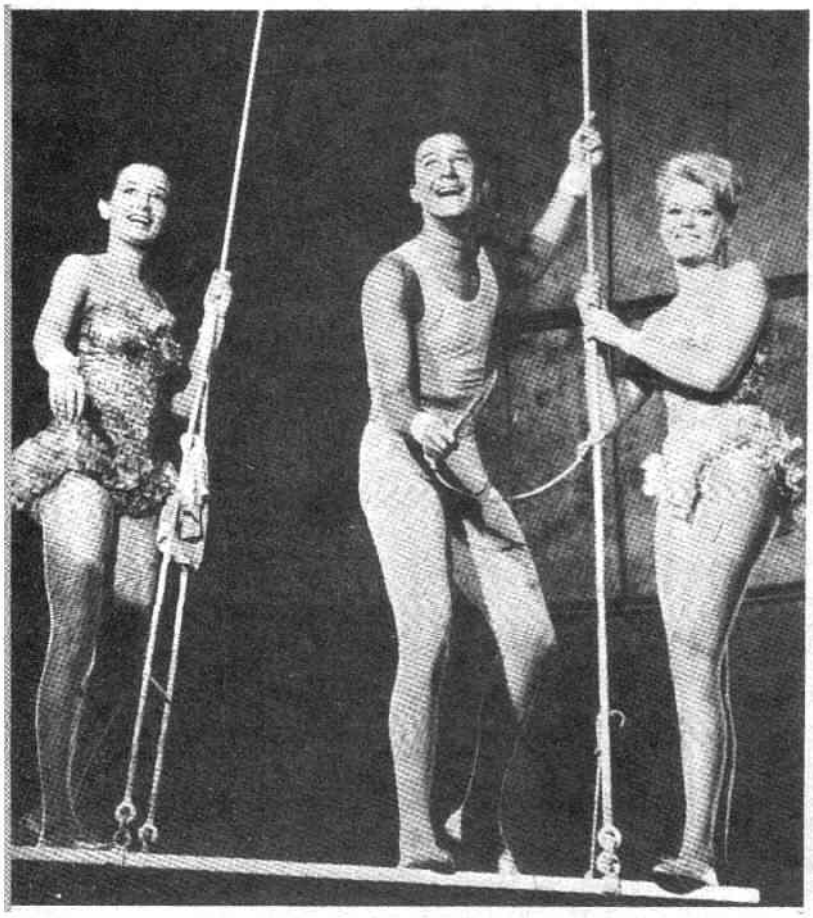
FLY NOW---PAY LATER!

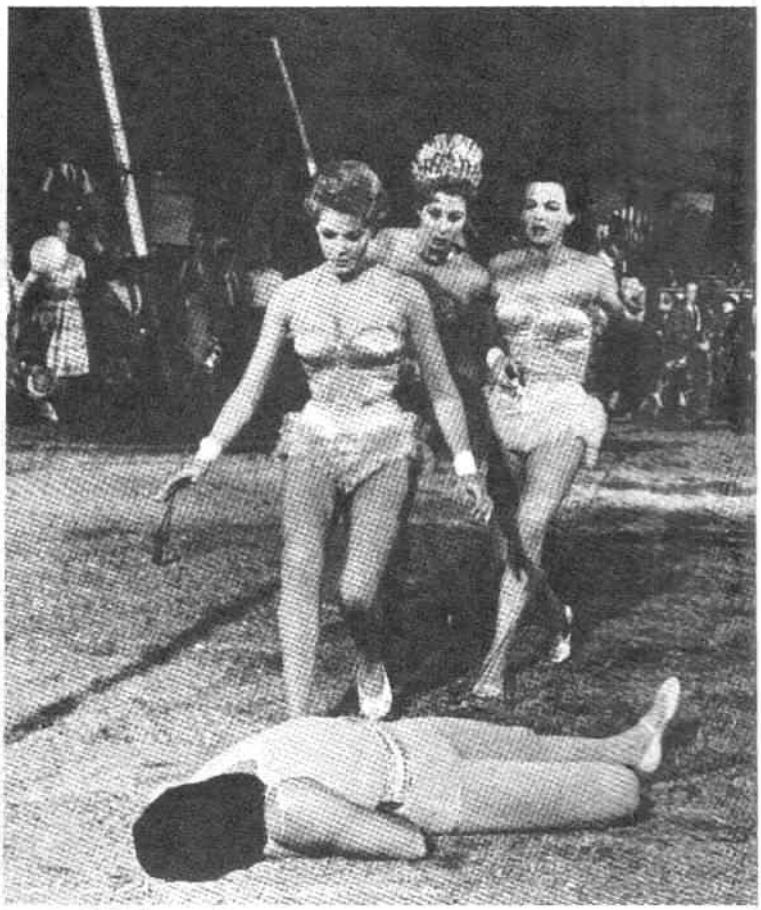




① *"This is the only way to travel!"*

2





① *"This is the only way to travel!"*

2

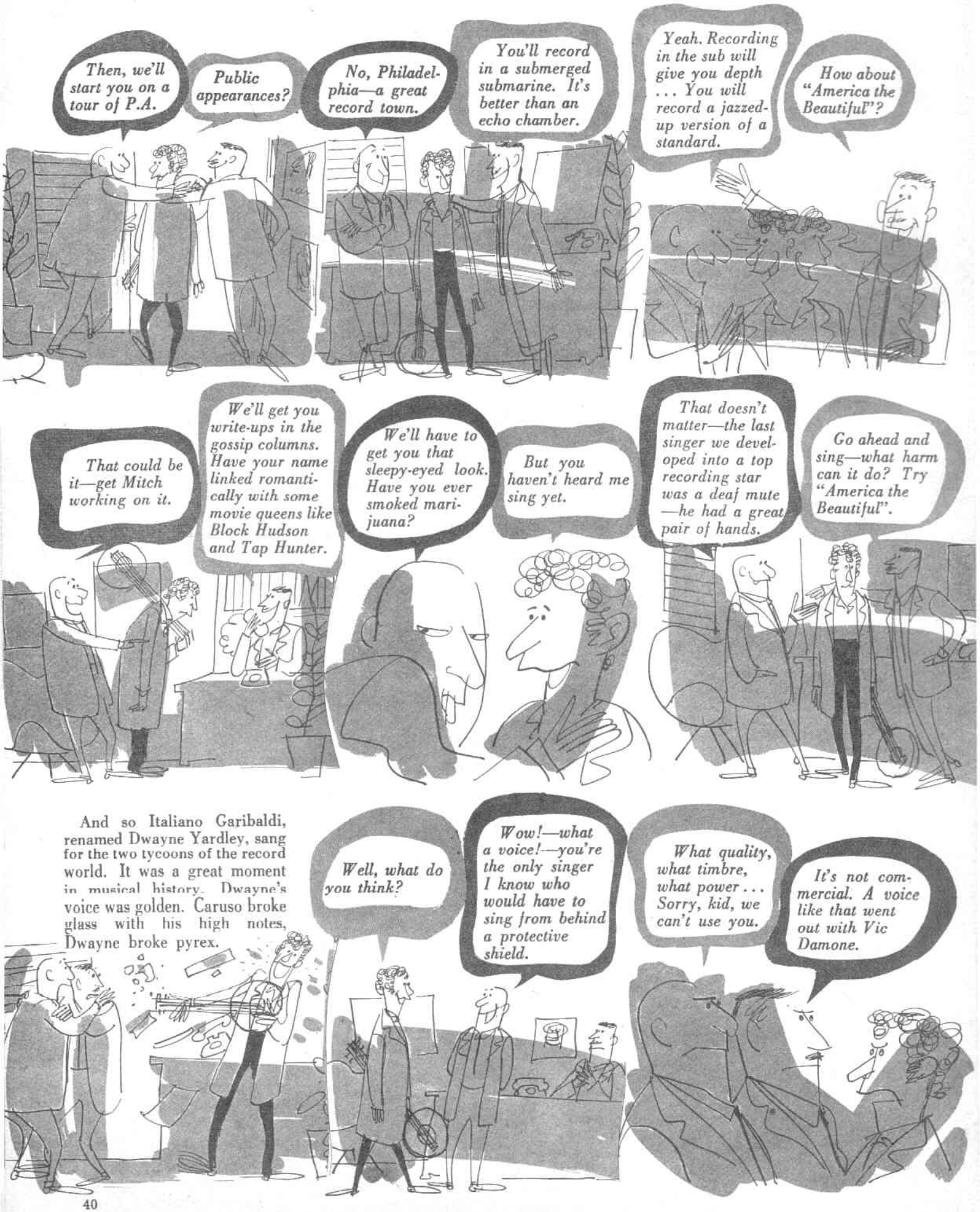
THE RISE AND FALL OF A TEENAGE IDOL

By Dee Caruso & Bill Levine

EVER SINCE Elvis Presley discovered a new sound—stomach noises—and made a million dollars, the custodians of modern American music—the T-R (Talent-Research) men of the record companies have been on the lookout for someone to replace Elvis when he reaches retirement age (25). It isn't that Elvis' voice is getting old—that's ageless—it's because his legs are shot.

IN THEIR never-ending search for new "musical talent" Lt. Col. Tom Marker (Exec. V-P, MAC Talent Agency) and Maj. General Palm Reader (T-R Man for TR Records) traveled to a small, obsolete town in America's great Midwest—Chicago, Illinois, where they unearthed a new singing discovery, Italiano Garibaldi, a young Greek boy from East Chicago. Lt. Col. Marker and Maj. Gen. Reader had big plans for Italiano:

First thing, we'll give you an impossible sounding name. Think of a name, Reader.
How about Robert Browning?
No, too poetic—I've got it! Dwayne Yardley—there's a name that's easy to remember . . . Now, for your buildup—
We'll have you nominated for President at a rigged political convention and you'll decline the nomination because you're not of voting age.
We'll put your name on every woman's lips.
We'll make you a household word.
We'll leave no stone unturned to publicize you.
Yardley


Then, we'll start you on a tour of P.A.
Public appearances?
No, Philadelphia—a great record town.
You'll record in a submerged submarine. It's better than an echo chamber.
Yeah. Recording in the sub will give you depth . . . You will record a jazzed-up version of a standard.
How about "America the Beautiful"?
That could be it—get Mitch working on it.
We'll get you write-ups in the gossip columns. Have your name linked romantically with some movie queens like Block Hudson and Tap Hunter.
We'll have to get you that sleepy-eyed look. Have you ever smoked marijuana?
But you haven't heard me sing yet.
That doesn't matter—the last singer we developed into a top recording star was a deaf mute—he had a great pair of hands.
Go ahead and sing—what harm can it do? Try "America the Beautiful".
Well, what do you think?
Wow!—what a voice!—you're the only singer I know who would have to sing from behind a protective shield.
What quality, what timbre, what power . . . Sorry, kid, we can't use you.
It's not commercial. A voice like that went out with Vic Damone.

And so Italiano Garibaldi, renamed Dwayne Yardley, sang for the two tycoons of the record world. It was a great moment in musical history. Dwayne's voice was golden. Caruso broke glass with his high notes, Dwayne broke pyrex.

We'd like to use you, kid, but it wouldn't be fair to the kids.
What kids?
Fabian . . . Paul Anka . . . Bobby Rydell . . . Frankie Avalon . . . They're doing it with hardly more than a hum . . .
You see, your voice would ruin this business. Those pipes would put all the singing delinquents on the street
Wait a minute! What if the kid doesn't sing—we can let him lip synch to old Presley records—we'll record the 33½ at 45 rpm—it will give him more treble.

And so, Dwayne Yardley became a teen-age singing idol as big as Elvis Presley —people said there wasn't much to choose from in the comparative voices but that Dwayne had a stronger pair of legs. He made his first motion picture with Tuesday Weld, Jerry E. Lewis, and the Eberly Brothers—it was a monster movie.

But Dwayne wasn't like other teen-age singing idols. And Marker and Reader recognized that something was wrong.

WHAT is it with you, kid—you don't drive your Cadillac, you don't let your hair get unmanageable and you don't chase after quail.
I don't believe in shooting defenseless animals.
What's wrong, are you strange or something?
No, I'm unhappy—I want to use my own voice—I want to fulfill my lifelong ambition and sing at the Metropolitan.
But Elvis never recorded any operas. He can't sing Italian. The poor kid hasn't fully mastered English yet.
I want to use my real voice at the MET—If you don't let me do it, I stop recording . . .

The following week, Dwayne Yardley was booked into the Metropolitan. The teen-agers mobbed the Opera House and when Dwayne sang, his voice rocked the hall, but the kids wouldn't buy it. They refused to believe it was their new teen-age idol who was singing—they claimed he was mouthing Mario Lanza records. That was the end for Dwayne Yardley as a teen-age singing idol — the kids wouldn't stand for mechanical tricks.

Dwayne didn't give up his ambitions to become a singer—when he left New York, he enrolled in a West Coast school and began studying Perry Como records.

Palm Reader and Col. Tom Marker began anew their search for undiscovered talent in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky. In their search, they left no stone unturned, since that is where they had uncovered some of America's leading recording stars.

Since their experience with Dwayne, Reader and Marker insist upon an audition of every new singing prospect. If he can as much as carry a tune, they drop him in a minute.

As Marker explains it:

Sick's Presidential Poll

Tell us, sir, what do you think about Nixon-Kennedy?

WE THINK that the people of America should have more of a voice in choosing our next President. We mean, free elections might be all right in some countries, but we at SICK say give the election back to the people. So, we went to the people and asked a few of them at random (Random, Pennsylvania, pop. 4,5000) who they would like to see in the White House next year. Personally, we'll be happy if there is just "somebody" in the White House next year. In the past eight years the White House has become the place where the President spent his winter vacations.

As a woman of the streets, who would you like to see in the White House in 1961?
I don't think it matters—after all, a house is not a home.
HELP KEEP THE CITY CLEAN

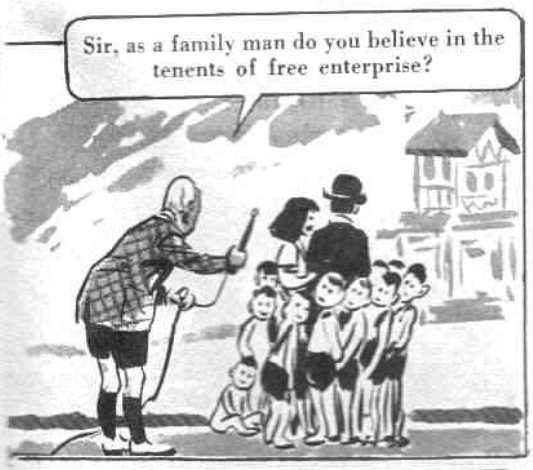
Sir, you won a seat in Congress this year, was it a tough fight?
It certainly was—I had to run against Napoleon and 2 George Washingtons.

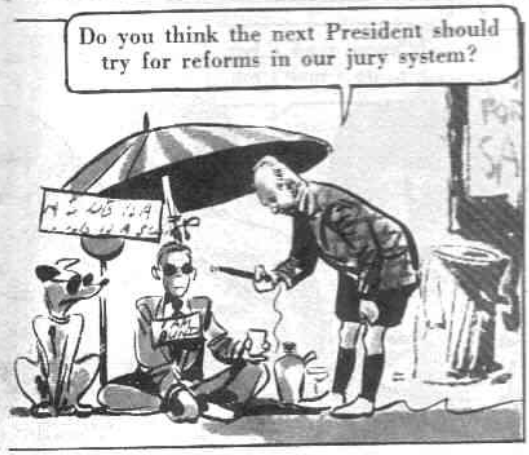
As a door-to-door salesman, what do you find is the people's feeling about the presidential election?
Most people think we should have one.
FULLER BRUSH

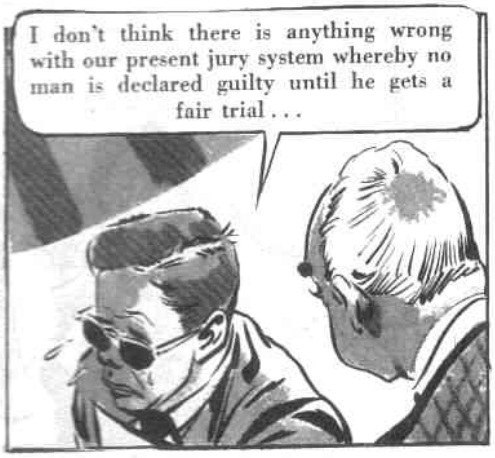
Pardon me, sir, but it's been said that people voted for Ike because he presented a father image. Do you think Richard Nixon will be a father image?

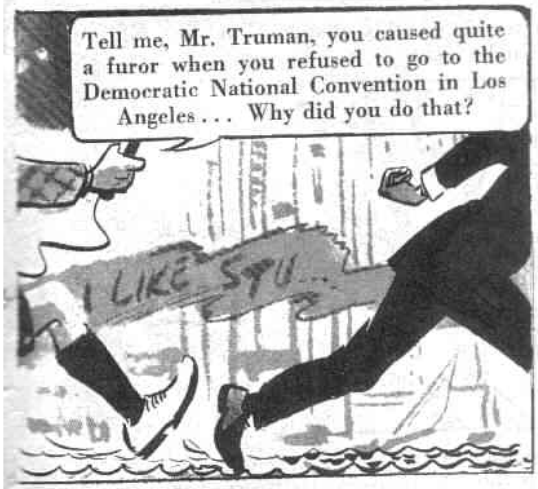
"We'd rather be the Wright Brothers than President"

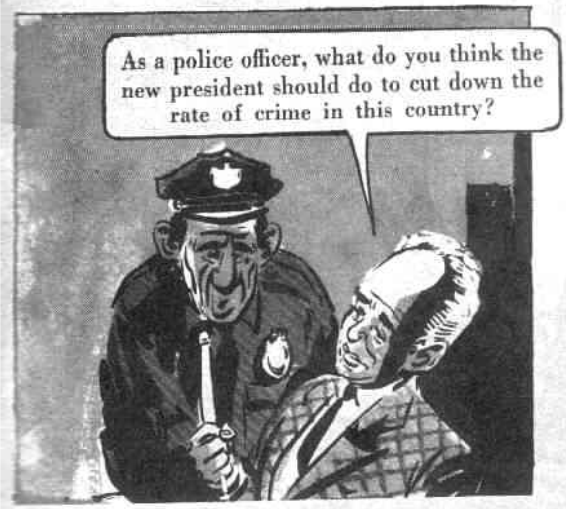
Jack and Bob Kennedy

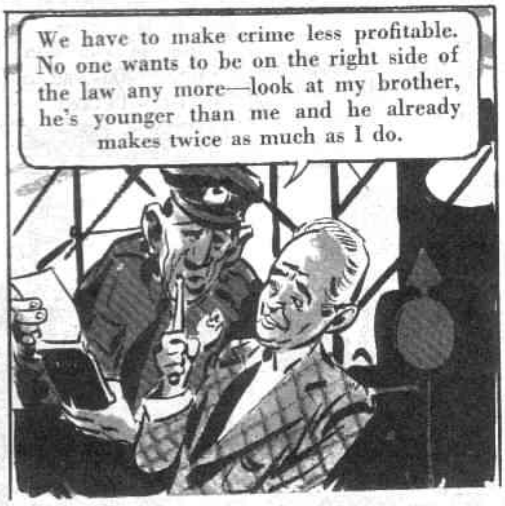


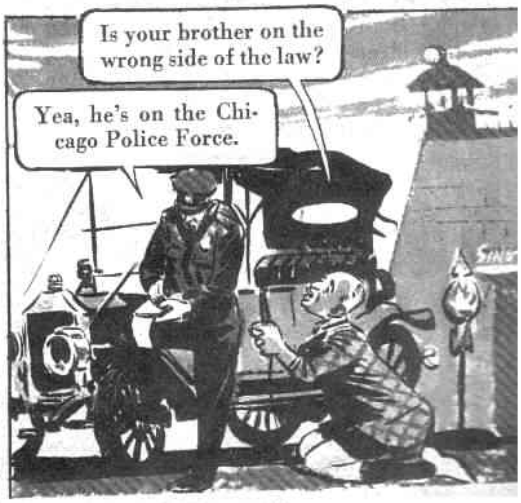



I don't think there is anything wrong with our present jury system whereby no man is declared guilty until he gets a fair trial . . .


Tell me, Mr. Truman, you caused quite a furor when you refused to go to the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles . . . Why did you do that?
I LIKE SAM...




We have to make crime less profitable. No one wants to be on the right side of the law any more—look at my brother, he's younger than me and he already makes twice as much as I do.



"The only thing we have to fear is total destruction"

Pat and Richard Nixon

Mr. Hoffa, what do you think the next president should do?
Build a bridge across the Atlantic Ocean so we can trade with Europe.
But, Mr. Hoffa, we are already trading with those countries.
By truck?!!
Miss Lollabrigetteda, do you think the candidates' boyish looks will win the woman's vote?
I like boys but there's an old Italian expression—
Never send a boy to do a man's job.
Because Senator Kennedy is so young, sir, I suppose he will come to you for advice . . .
No, the only time he'll come to me is . . .
. . . for his monthly allowance and when he wants to use the car . . .
I like vice presidents—Henry Wallace was a real friend.
I think the nation's leader must have a good looking wife. My wife looked like a movie star — Akim Tamiroff.
I saw Castro's wife—she didn't look like Akim Tamiroff. She was fatter and darker.
A presidential election is my cup of tea. If you don't mind I'd like a Danish with the tea.
We don't have enough trouble with the Arabs—he wants to start a Danish problem.
We came to the conclusion from our door-to-door survey that the American people are for the closed door policy.

History

The reason Herman Goering shot himself was because someone told him he could take off 250 pounds that way.

ECHO over Washington

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED:

IKE: So all right you got the balloon in the air, now tell Dick to let go of the string...

1775—*"My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country..."*

1960—*"My only regret is that I have but one country to give for my life."*

Shoppers' Guide

FOR THE SICK MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING...

 # 56

CUSTOM-MADE

STRAIT-JACKETS

Direct from asylum to you. In smart Ivy League styles. Narrow lapels, slim shoulders, tweedy patterns. Wash'n wear.

Cost plus alterations $19.50

INSTANT EMBALMING FLUID

(JUST ADD HOT WATER)

 # 12

Works fast to make you look good if you're down and out. Refreshes you all over. Inject it right into arm. Brings effective relief.

Quart size 79c

 # 72 PORTABLE OXYGEN TENTS

Ideal for the short-winded type who likes to keep moving around. A.C. or D.C. Special Model X works without batteries.

From $89.50 and up.

Letters

(Continued from page 5)

DEAR SICK:

And that's putting it mildly.

Ray C. Wegin
Durant, Oklahoma.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **Thanks for the lovely picture postcard, Ray, of Roosevelt Memorial Bridge, are you trying to tell us something?**

DEAR SICK:

My mother always said, "I hope you never get 'sick' until the day you die." Well, I think I'm going to die.

Your Sick friend,

Richard Yourren
694 Hazle Street
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **How do you think WE feel?**

DEAR SICK:

Please send me a free copy of your Lapwriting course, you don't fool me.

Chris Lynch
16 Grove Avenue
Glen Falls, New York

MR. EDITOR:

I have just completed reading one full issue of your magazine. I thought it was a fine magazine, except for one thing—I died laughing. Would you please send a bottle of Four Roses to my funeral.

Bruce Bowers
General Delivery
Fort Myers, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **We don't have Four Roses in the office, will rubbing alcohol do?**

DEAR SLOBS:

For some unknown reason, while looking over the magazines at the drug store, my eyes happened to run across yours. My first thought was to run out of the store or call the police. Then it happened. I picked it up and started to read it. I was disgustingly pleased. I don't know whether I'm going out of my mind, but it was the best material of any sort that I have read in a long time. I'm sure anyone who could read it would be pleased. Let's have more on Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Bob Newhart and all those other morbid humans. I'd subscribe to "The Thing," but it might scare my mailman to death.

Pathetically yours,

Roy Nemerson
62 Bogart Avenue
Port Washington, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **Please send us the name of your mailman, we think he's a reactionary.**

ORDER BY NUMBER ONLY

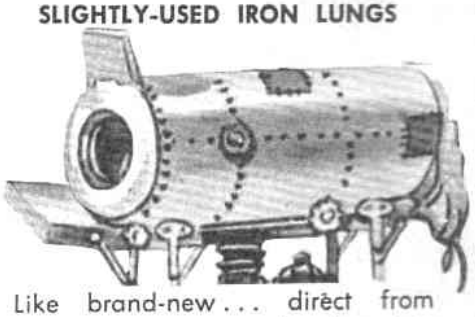
LIVE TAPEWORMS

 # 73

Ideal as pets. Will eat you out of house and home but fun to watch them grow. Live longer than goldfish on right diet.

3 Dozen in a jar for 59c

SLIGHTLY-USED IRON LUNGS



Like brand-new... direct from owner to you... at prices you can't afford to miss... Hefty trade-in on your old model... Complete with installation.

Only $99

RIGGED

RUSSIAN ROULETTE REVOLVERS

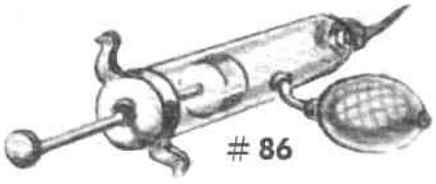
 # 26

Fool your friends at the next party. One cartridge will go thru any chamber on first round—All you do is pull the trigger!!! Rigged barrel good for lots of laughs.

Yours for only $1.29

GOLD PLATE

HYPODERMIC NEEDLES



 # 86

For the man with the golden arm. Just jab—it's in! Can even inject underwater. Comes with year's supply of "H"

Yours for only $3.49 complete.

Sick, Sick world...

KENNEDY AND NIXON have agreed to the great TV debates. In the 1850's the Lincoln-Douglas debates were seen by three to four thousand people at a time. Today, through the miracle of television, the Nixon-Kennedy debates which may well decide who becomes our next president, will be viewed by twelve or maybe even thirteen hundred people . . . providing they aren't schedules opposite a Western . . . a situation comedy . . . a baseball game . . . or a cartoon . . .

David Susskind is the most active TV producer. He heads an organization named Talent Associates—the name implies that they're not talented people themselves, but at least they have smart friends. Susskind keeps saying that TV needs new blood, but his success can be attributed to repeated adapting of surefire classics for TV. Susskind's idea of an original script for TV is an adaptation of a book or play which hasn't been made into a movie yet.

Joseph V. Levine has earned a million dollars with his wonderful science fiction movies and his new monster, Steve Reeves, a Vic Tanny grad. It is exciting to watch Reeves lift boulders and tear houses apart with his bare hands, but it's a fake. Reeves doesn't really perform all these herculean feats of strength—he has a stunt man.

FREEDOMLAND was robbed by a gang which police said were all under five feet, five inches tall. Could it have been the seven dwarfs?

Freedomland, U.S.A. calls itself an amusement park—if you find the Chicago fire, the San Francisco quake or the American Civil War amusing . . . Freedomland just welcomed its 1,000th visitor—can you imagine a guy going to an amusement park 1,000 times?

We like the quote from the losing fighter, who, when asked "What was the turning point of the fight?" replied, "When I got out of the cab."

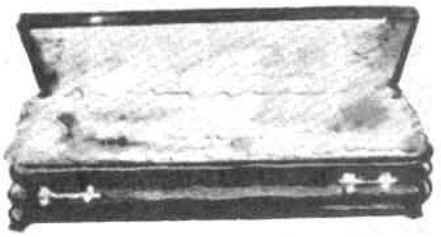
There's a new book out—"How to Improve Your Golf in Ten Easy Lessons." Lesson number one is—*Become President.*

THERE is a new police station that is going to be based on actual files of a TV show . . . Also a new TV show based on our law-enforcement agencies called "The Big Payoff". It asks the question: *If we paid them more, would they steal less?*

A SHARK scare on beaches along the Atlantic Coast solved the problem of overcrowded beaches.

Next month SICK's guest editor is Edgar Guest.

MINK-LINED CASKETS



 # 23

If you're going to go, You might as well go in style. Soft and velvety, it hugs your skin. Ideal for winter burials. Custom-made models available on new lay-a-way plan.

Only $86

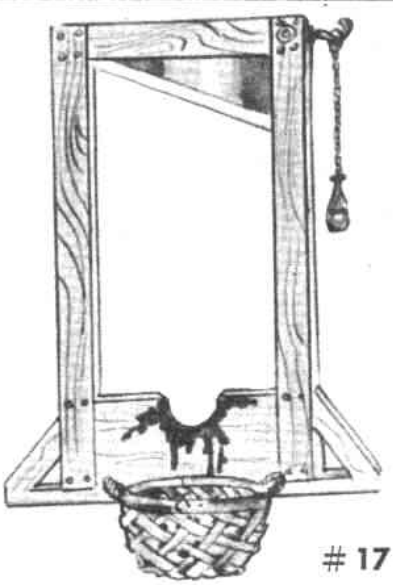
AUTHENTIC
KLU-KLUX-KLAN HOODS

 # 42

Be the life of the party. Surprise your friends. A delightful item to wear around the neighborhood. 100% Cotton, it won't shrink or stain. In all sizes, white only.

Each 49c

LOUIS XIV GUILLOTINES



 # 17

Actual size. Easy to put together. Makes the perfect going-away gift. In colors to match your furniture. Relieves headaches about decoration. **From $4.98**

SICKtificate of Merit

Read of the good work the Mafia is doing:

Mafia

THE ADULT BRANCH OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF ITALY

- Founded the Dutch Schultz Scholarship Fund to teach a deserving delinquent a trade.
- Created the Louis Lepke Clinic to fight the worse disease facing the world today—crippling bullet wounds (bullet wounds are the chief killers of young mafia).
- Established a Lucky Luciano Community of Hope for refugee American gangsters.

The MAFIA is a non-sectarian group—it is not open to sectarians.

You don't have to come from Italy to join the MAFIA as long as your last name ends in a vowel and you look good in dark clothes.

As a MAFIA member you will receive the following benefits:

- You'll learn the MAFIA secret handshake and how to order Tortoni.
- A man will come to your house and plant grapes in your backyard.
- A personal friend of Al Capone will come and live with you in your home for a week.
- You will receive a subscription to The Black Hand, the monthly magazine on MAFIA life.
- You'll receive your personal arm band in the MAFIA club colors—black on black. If you have occasion to be sent away to a state penal institution, you'll get first-hand information on all jail breaks. Al Capone's cousin will come and live with you in your cell for a week.

There's a MAFIA representative near you—as near as the corner Pizzeria.

- The only excuse for missing a MAFIA meeting is death in your family—your own.
- Each year, the MAFIA will send you and your immediate family on an all-expense paid trip to the holy city—Chicago.

FOUR BIG REASONS WHY KHRUSCHEV CAME BACK...

"If we can't beat 'em one way we'll beat 'em another... and this time I brought my own clubs!"

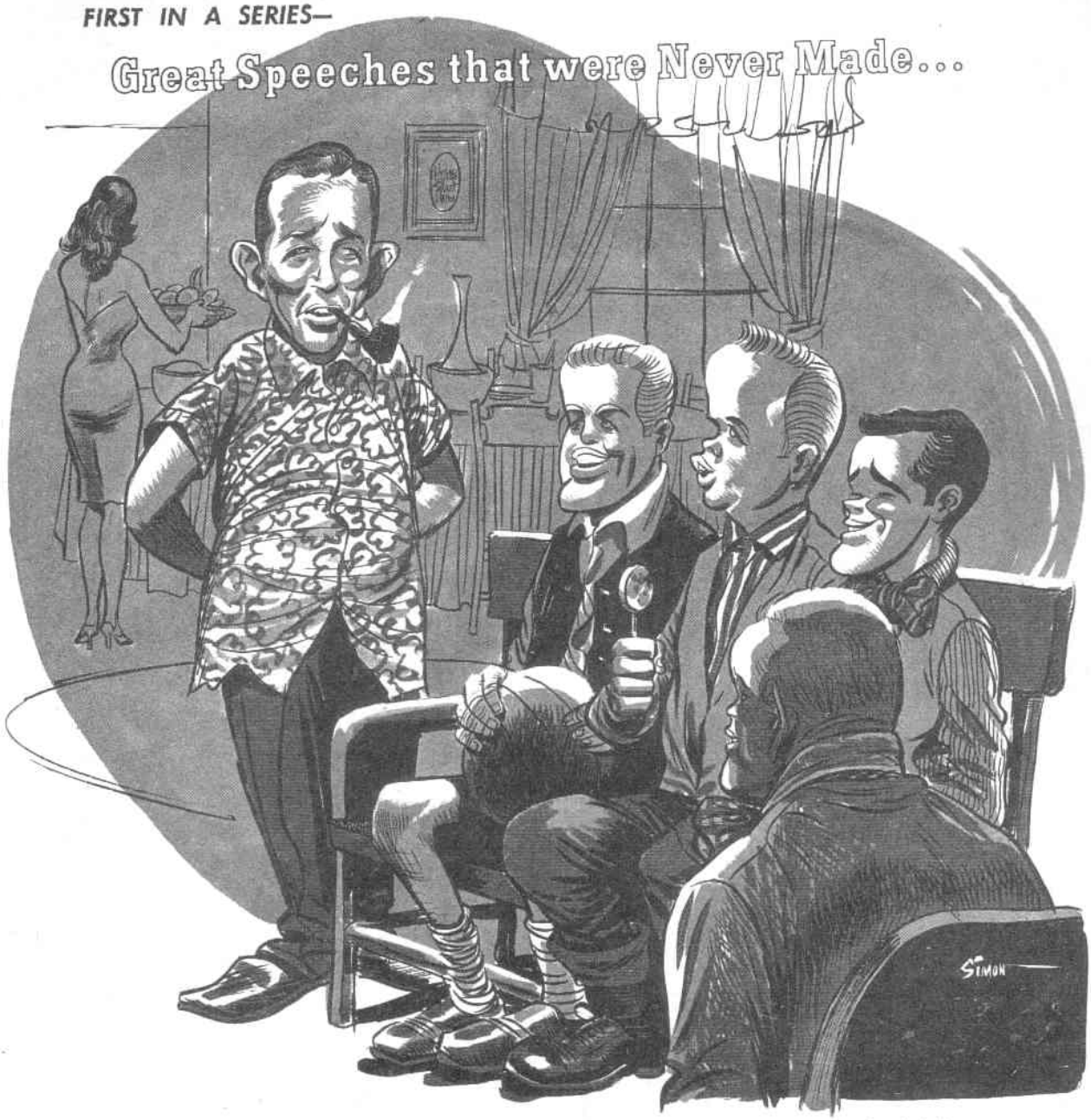
"Rockettes?!! I thought you said **Rockets!**"

"I'm wearing my bullet proof vest.. **NOW** can I get in?"

"I left the wife at home.. **NOW** can I see the show?"

FIRST IN A SERIES—

Great Speeches that were Never Made...



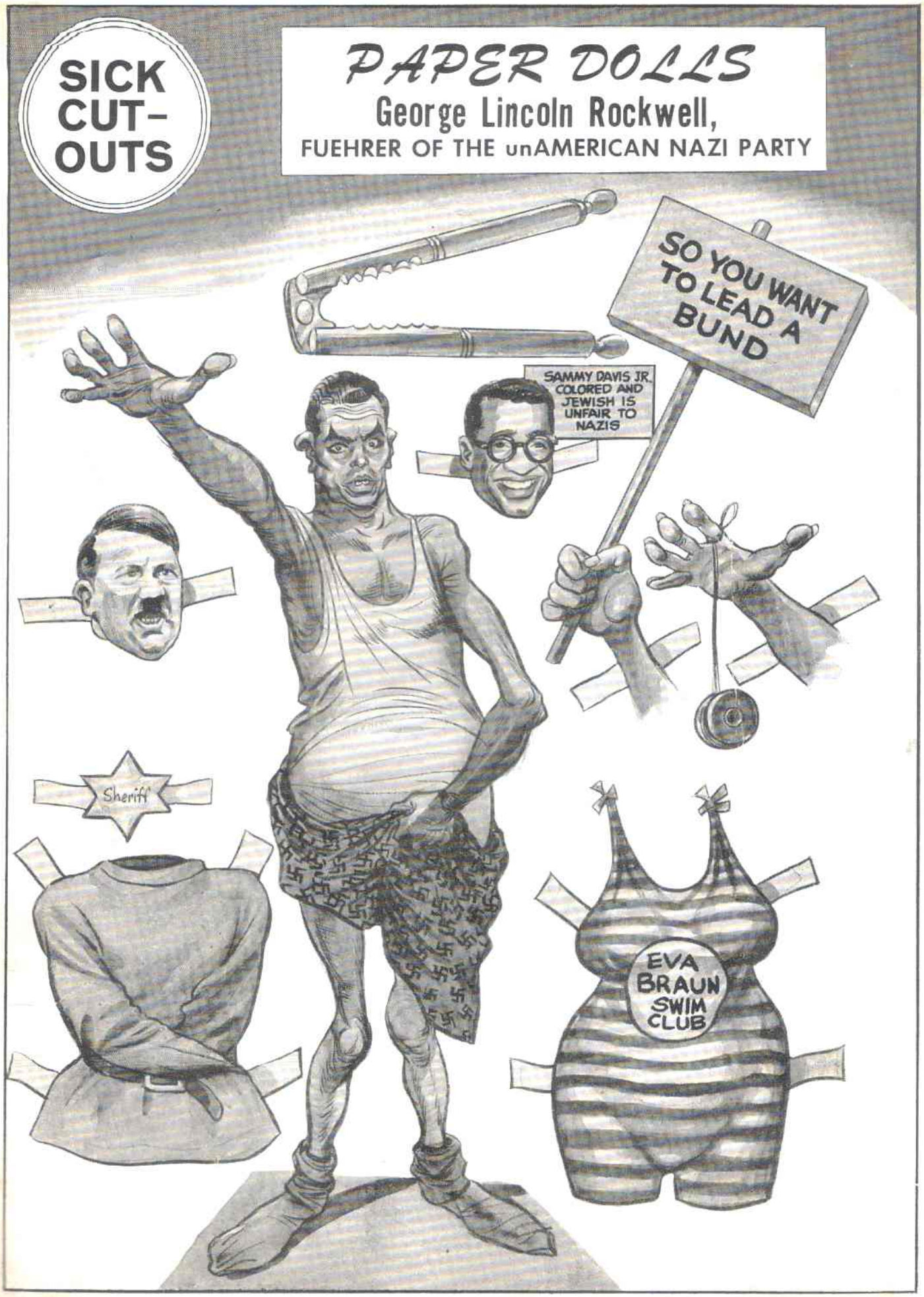
"Now, boys, Kathy and I think it's time I told you about the birds and the bees . . . and Las Vegas showgirls . . ."

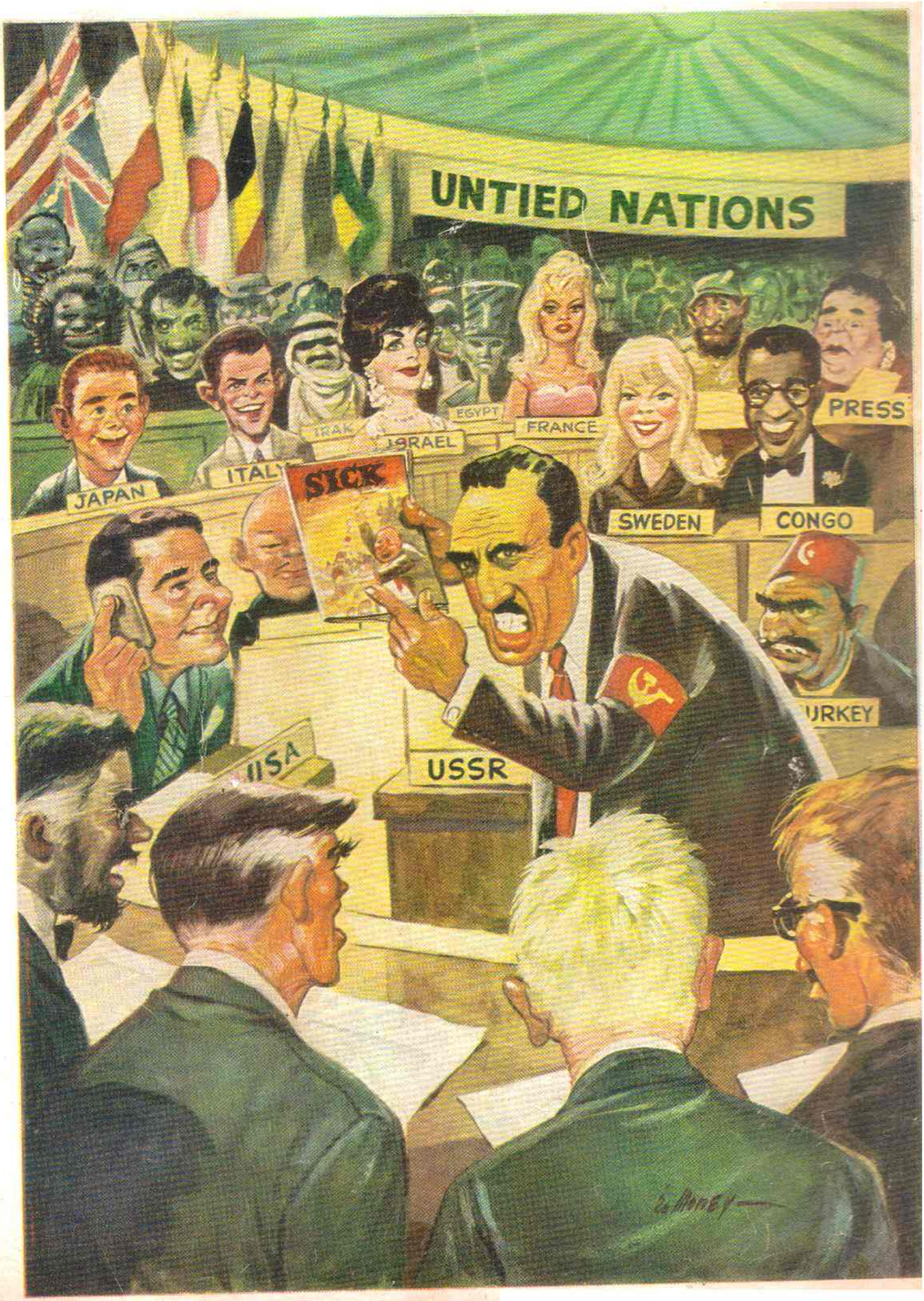
$100.00 IN PRIZES FOR NEW SICK CONTEST.

OUR CONTEST in this issue is to find the best SICK joke. And the best idea for a SICK cartoon. Many of our readers have sent us SICK jokes in the past—in fact, we're sick of sick jokes. However, our readers like reading them, so if you know any good sick jokes, we will pay $50.00 for the best and an additional $50.00 for the best cartoon idea.

CONTEST entries will be judged on originality, neatness, aptness of thought and depending on how well you know the judges. All sick jokes and sicknesses become the property of the magazine. Judges' decisions will be final and somewhat questionable. No sick jokes on health will be accepted. No healthy jokes on sickness will be considered.

Send entries to: SICK Magazine
32 West 22nd Street
New York 10, New York.
(Seriously, these contests are on the level)


SICK CUT-OUTS
PAPER DOLLS
George Lincoln Rockwell,
FUEHRER OF THE unAMERICAN NAZI PARTY
SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BUND
SAMMY DAVIS JR. COLORED AND JEWISH IS UNFAIR TO NAZIS
Sheriff
EVA BRAUN SWIM CLUB


UNTIED NATIONS
SICK
JAPAN
ITALY
IRAK
ISRAEL
EGYPT
FRANCE
SWEDEN
CONGO
PRESS
USA
USSR
TURKEY